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Vol 39, No. 5

June 1932

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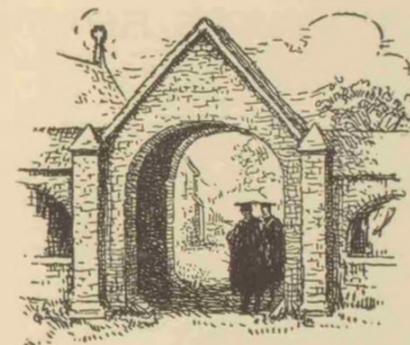


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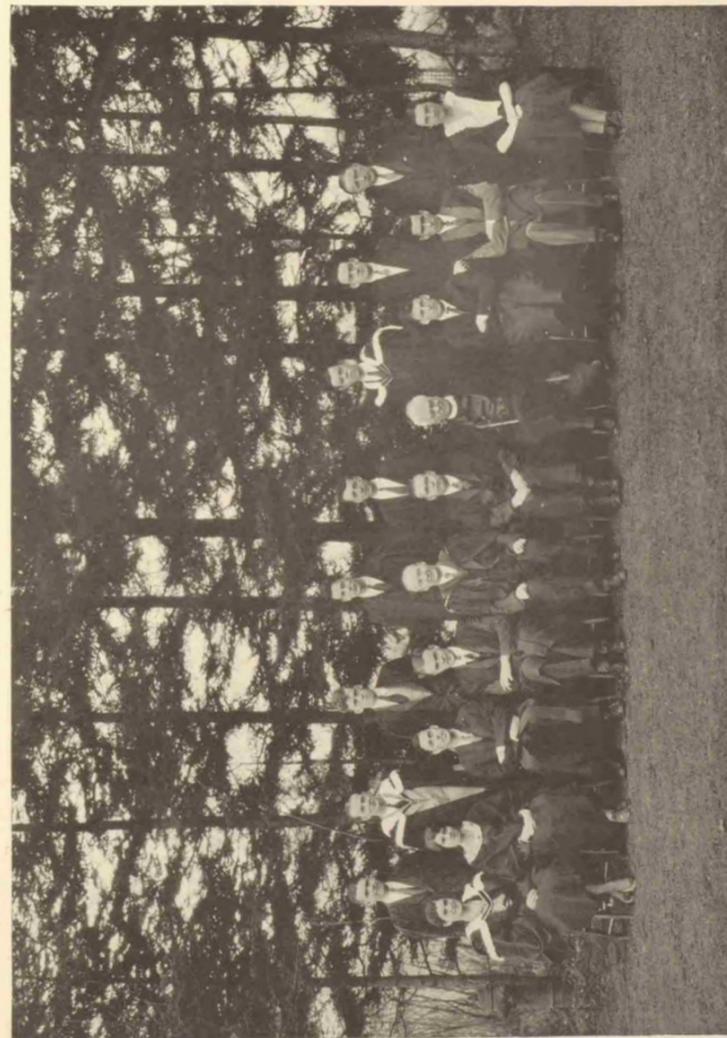
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later, say, "Good Luck" and
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Text-Books of Long Ago

By Prof. A. V. Richardson, M.A., D.C.L.

THE present is an era of centenaries and commemorations. We have only to open our daily paper to be confronted with miscellaneous information on the private likes and dislikes of Goethe, who is looming large in the public eye just now, due to the fact of his birth exactly two hundred years ago. Or we find that Lewis Carroll's original Alice enters the modern wonderland of New York to participate in the centenary celebrations of the birth of that eccentric but charming recluse; this event is made the occasion for a flood of anecdotes, ranging from the hackneyed, but probably apocryphal, tale of Queen Victoria's astonishment at receiving a work on Determinants in reply to her request to be furnished with the next work by the author of "Alice", to minute particulars of his eccentricities in the lecture room.

The lapse of one, or several, centuries appears to be a stimulus towards throwing the searchlight on everyday doings of our forefathers. And yet, for those whose interest or curiosity in the surroundings of a vanished age is not entirely dormant, what a wealth of evidence resides in the everyday books of a century or more ago; evidence often apparent to even a casual glance, and which on closer inspection brings before our imagination in the most vivid manner, what was considered important, and what trivial, in bygone days.

Three modest volumes, two English and one French, in my possession give more than a superficial glimpse of what was considered necessary, (in an age when a "classical education" was looked upon as almost the only hallmark of culture), for the mathematical equipment of some types of professional career.

A quick survey of the "high spots" of these quaint productions brings the realisation of how utterly, in many respects, the point of view has changed; but it also shows how racial characteristics in the presentation of results, has altered to a considerably less degree.

All three volumes can be described as "unified courses of mathematics"; that craze for compressed and utilitarian information within the covers of one handy-sized book, by no means unknown in more recent times in a certain great and puissant Republic, turns out to be no mere child of

the twentieth century; here, although presented in a more leisurely and dignified fashion (colloquialism in science as yet unknown) we find spread before us methods and processes which have little contact with the "water-tight compartment division into subjects" so beloved of text-book writers fifty years back.

The first volume, originally published in 1802, and destined for the use of students at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, bears the cachet of its age in its very dedication. Beneath an elaborately engraved coat-of-arms, the "humble and obedient" author lays his effusion at the feet of "The most noble and puissant prince, Hugh, Duke and Earl of Northumberland, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Northumberland, Colonel of the Second troop of Horse Grenadier Guards" — plus other dignities far too numerous to specify. Such an exalted Patron must surely have insured the author against "toil, envy, want and the jail!"

A preface of incredible length and dulness explains the worthy man's modest expectations; how he hopes to interest and animate the young idea, among other things, by a "new and extensive method (extensive is right!) whereby all the cases of Trigonometry are performed independent of sines, tangents and secants, and without any kind of tables" proceeding to "a curious and useful collection of questions concerning areas, promiscuously placed", "a curious and complete treatise on gauging", "some curious rules for cutting timber to the most advantage", and ending with the pious hope that "perhaps hereafter a method may be discovered of squaring any figure whatever. Which is the chief problem in Geometry". Well, peace to the author's ashes — he is doubtless enjoying, in the intervals of timber measuring in the Elysian fields, the satisfaction of knowing that all figures cannot be squared.

His preface once off his chest, Mr. Charles Hutton plunges in medias res. To general principles and general theory he pays comparatively little attention, though, (to his credit be it said) his magnum opus, a Mathematical Dictionary, shows that he could think of other things besides applications. Here, however, we meet with example

after example, worked out according to set rules, for over four hundred pages, any demonstrations deemed necessary being displayed in footnotes. These footnotes themselves are a revelation to a modern. Here is the old Newtonian notation of fluxions in full flower, decades after the French school had abandoned it and shot ahead to far further conquests.

The terminology and method of presentation are redolent of a past era. Even the "height and distance" problems are all illustrated by the quaintest of diagrams. Has the height of a tower to be found? The tower is most elaborately drawn, either in "Saxon" style (as conceived in 1802) or in very, very debased Gothic. Does the problem deal with a ship at sea? We have a ship-of-the-line, three decks and a naval ensign all complete, with a gentleman with wig and three-cornered hat on the shore, either surveying it with complacent pride, or with angles of elevation proceeding from his eye in uninterrupted quanta of dots.

The real joy of the volume, however, is the "technical" applications. Here we learn how to "gauge a cask by its mean diameter", "to determine the ullage of a cask" (whatever that may be), with similar problems suggestive of the days of "three-bottle" men. Doubtless the "most noble and puissant" patron (and we are solemnly assured that "Your Grace is known to possess an accurate judgement on all subjects of extensive and practical utility"), if he ever opened the work, enlivened the mess-table of the second troop of Grenadier Guards by acute criticisms on the degree of accuracy of the "Rule for computing the content of a cask from three dimensions only", or solaced his leisure hours by an endeavour "to find the content of a zone of a hyperbolic spindle", varied by arguments with contemporary plumbers and plasterers as to the "superficies of a saloon".

The other English book, though of a date twenty or more years later than Hutton's effort, is of very much the same general character, and so need not detain us long. The balance has shifted a little; gone is the endeavour to perform "all cases of Trigonometry independent of sines, tangents and secants". Problems of spherical Trigonometry and Navigation are introduced (possibly their absence in Hutton's work is due to the fact that it was intended for military cadets); in this book we also find problems on the velocity of shafts and the strength of materials, eloquent of England's rise as an industrial power after the Napoleonic wars. The outlook, however, is typical of the Anglo-Saxon temperament — applications, more applications and yet more applications. Rules are still of paramount importance; worked out model solutions are on

every page.

And now let us cross the channel for a glimpse of Paris, where, in 1809, a certain M. Francoeur, Chevalier de le Legion d'Honneur, plus interminable other distinctions, spent his hours of leisure, (with Napoleon at the zenith of his career, and the practical old bulldog across the channel still growling and beginning to prove decidedly unpleasant in Spain) in the compilation of a "Cours Complet de Mathématiques Pures", for the use of candidates in the Ecole Polytechnique, i.e. the budding engineers and artillerymen of the "Grande Armée". The book is almost violently different from Hutton's. In fact, one of the few resemblances is in the Introduction. The dawn of the nineteenth century, no matter what nation was concerned, still saw the "Dedicatory Epistle" in full flower. It is here that the Frenchman makes a decided score over his English rival. Hutton had to be content with a mere Duke and Lord-Lieutenant as patron; Francoeur aims higher and submits his work to no less a potentate than "Sa Majesté l'Empereur Alexandre I, Autocrate de toutes les Russies", (the echoes of Tilsit, only a year previously, had not ceased to traverse Europe; Eylau and Friedland were forgotten, 1812 was still three years away, and the two Emperors were sharing the limelight on the European stage). The Frenchman, while not forgetting to eulogise "les qualités brillantes qu'on voit reunies dans VOTRE MAJESTÉ, et qui commandent l'amour des peuples et les hommages de la posterité", does not fail to emphasize his point of view in mathematical instruction — "L'auteur, en disant tout ce qu'il pense, empêche le lecteur de penser lui-même; l'embarras des détails l'empêche de suivre le fil des idées essentielles; les accessoires tiennent dans son esprit le place des choses importantes".

Could the typical French emphasis on the intelligent use of broad general principles be more clearly expressed? And the book bears out the preface; again and again practical applications appear as by-products of some "pretty" piece of Algebra or Geometry. One ceases to wonder at the subsequent achievements of French officers in the realm of "pure" mathematics; if the little Francoeur volume is a typical text-book of the time, characteristically French in its clarity and lucidity of exposition and in its emphasis on the really important principles, Poncelet's brilliant feat of practically creating the science of projective Geometry in a Russian military prison after the 1812 campaign takes its place as a natural consequence of the influence of superb teaching methods on young men of natural ability. It is not surprising that the

Continued on Page 35.

Twenty Years of Scouting

By Rev'd Philip Carrington, M.A.

I HAVE been asked to write a few lines for The Mitre on the Boy Scout Movement; and, in this particular case, to hear is to obey.

To-day everybody has some idea of what a Boy Scout is; but my memories of the movement go back to the time when the Boy Scout was a very queer phenomenon indeed. I became a Scoutmaster in 1910 when the whole movement was not much more than a year old; and the general public looked at one in amazement as one walked down the street. There was a general notion that we were a new development in the army. I remember walking with another Scoutmaster through a somewhat socialistic part of our city, and hearing a passer-by say in a nasty tone of voice "ired assassins". It was not the word assassins we minded; though up to that date we had never assassinated anyone; it was the suggestion of our being hired. If we were hired, our pay had fallen considerably into arrears. Other critics thought our short trousers very funny; and so, no doubt, they are, though I maintain to this day that they are the most comfortable dress I ever wear. Others made remarks about our "broomsticks". It was great.

It took a long while for the public to find out that we did not give military training. It is strange to remember that the whole movement was met with a storm of protest on these grounds; and it is said that it was the personal sympathy given by King Edward VII which enabled it to weather that storm.

We did not really understand the new movement ourselves. Not knowing what to do with our boys, we fell back on military drill a great deal more than we should have. When it came to real scouting we were quite at sea. There were no trained Scoutmasters, no helpful staff at Headquarters, no experience to draw upon.

I was seventeen (a ridiculously tender age) when I took charge of my first Troop; it would not be permitted to-day. After a few months some of the elder boys (not so much younger than I was) demanded that I should take them to camp. I protested that I did not know anything about camps. They said that **they** did, but they could not go unless I took charge. Rashly I did it. It was one of the most marvellous experiences of my life. It was

raining when we pitched the tents; and you know well that there is a great deal of difference between a rain that comes before you pitch the tents, and a rain that comes after. Especially when you don't know how to pitch tents.

Then there was the cooking. Those boys were pretty green, though they were not as green as I was. I have never seen such amazing culinary productions, not even from a College kitchen. One morning the porridge would be full of lumps; the next day we would have to drink it out of mugs. One thing I will say; everything was always eaten. It took courage to become a Scout in those days.

Why did the boyhood of the world rally to the call of Baden-Powell? For it was the boys themselves who formed the movement. Patrol after patrol was formed by the boys themselves. Scoutmasters were an afterthought.

First, there was the call of the wild. Finding your way through unknown country, looking after yourself, cooking your own meals, bivouacking for the night: signalling, first aid, axemanship, and all the lore of the bush. The word woodcraft is one of the keywords of the movement; and woodcraft is somehow connected with religion; realisation of God through nature is a watchword of the movement.

And then there was the Law and the Promise; the world-wide brotherhood with its simple woodcraft ritual, and its call to service. Schoolmasters and others have too readily assumed that boys have a natural love of doing what is wrong, and must with difficulty be forced to do what was right. Baden-Powell knew that boys wanted to do what was right, and proposed for them a brotherhood with a mystic oath founded on honour and love and usefulness. The response was sublime. Millions of boys since those first days have stood up before their brother Scouts, and sworn to do their duty to God and the king, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Scout Law. The Scout's good turn has become a proverb.

And now the founder of the movement is Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, and there are Scouts in every country of the world, and the movement has been christened a Junior League of Nations. It is extraordinary to look back on the first days,

and to realise what has happened. I have no doubt that historians of the future will record our movement as the great religious movement of the twentieth century; only the great religious movements like the Franciscan movement, or the gospel in Galilee can compare with it. Its appeal is of the same type; its success is of the same type.

An old hand like myself looks back with some regret to the old days when we were all so ignorant, and we all did what was right in our own eyes; when we made so many mistakes, and had such wonderful experiences. To-day the Boy Scout movement is recognised as a public service body working for peaceful ends; it is well organised (especially in Canada, where there is a magnificent and efficient Headquarters staff); and the Scoutmaster can easily get all the advice and help he wants. The most important new feature is the development since the war of a system of training for Scout officers (Scouters they are now called) at the old Manor House of Gilwell in Essex, England. Part of his training system is in operation in Bishop's University; our Rover Crew here, gives the training necessary for Part I of the Wood Badge. The rest of the training can only be taken in an official camp run by a "Camp Chief" trained in the Gilwell methods.

The Wood Badge consists of two beads worn on a leather thong round the neck. They are exact replicas of the beads in a necklace which the Chief Scout (B.P.) himself took from the neck of the Zulu chieftain Dinizulu.

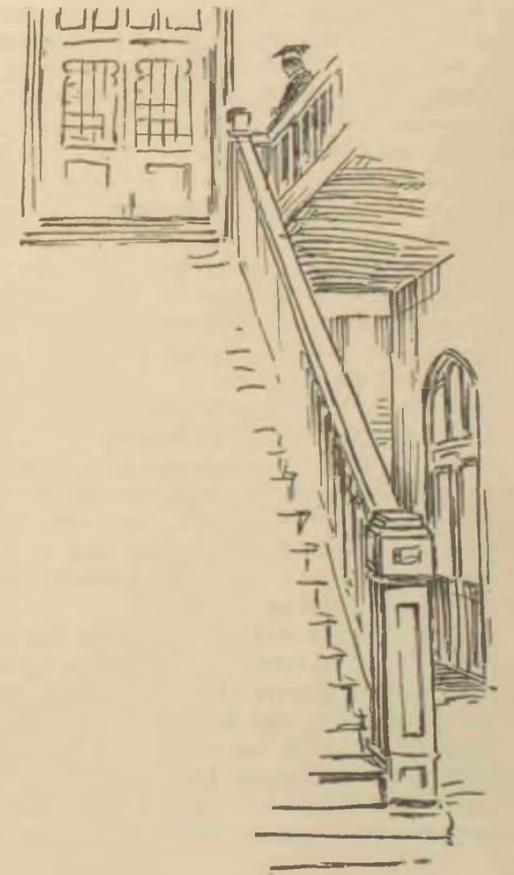
So far the Rover Crew here has been mainly patronised by Divinity students; and that is an excellent thing. As parsons, their Scout training will enable them to do good work in the Scout Movement; or, if they are unlucky enough not to have a Scout Troop, it will be a great help in understanding boys and handling them in other organisations. There are signs that others besides parsons may find it helpful to have this training. A month ago I had a telephone call from the Secretary of a School Board who was looking for a new Principal; he wanted to know if I could recommend a student who had been trained in our Rover Crew.

My space must be almost exhausted. I will merely add two points. Scouting differs from other social organisations for boys in its system of training by games, in its woodcraft appeal, and its "patrol system", by which the work is mainly entrusted to boy leaders who are elected to run the small group or "patrol" which is the unit of the movement; but its real difference lies in the Scout Law and Promise. No "attractions" are offered to the prospective Scout; very little is done **for** him (he learns to do it for himself); the call is to service,

self-discipline, and training for citizenship. It is a call to make a definite decision to enlist in the service of God and of mankind. It is an appeal to the highest ideals he possesses; that is to say it is really religious, whereas many so-called religious organisations are not religious at all, being merely designed to "attract" or "keep" boys by giving them a good time, while adding a few religious or educational activities.

The other point is no more than this. The Scout Movement has now sprouted off a junior and a senior department; the Wolf Cubs to take charge of boys under 12, the Rovers to help young men over 17.

I will conclude by saying that nothing in my rather varied educational experience has helped me more than the time I have spent in Scouting; and there is nothing which has given me more joy and recreation. Such success as I may have had in life is due far more to the Scout Movement than to any other single cause; it has taught me more about everything than anything else; in short, the reason why I am not a greater fool than I am is the Scout Movement.



"Coming Events --"

By James Hodgkinson.

MAYBE it's only because I'm becoming cynical. But if that is so, then mine is a case of one cynicism uprooting and over-throwing another — and really well-bred cynicisms never behave like that. So, all I can do is to state the facts of the case, and leave their analysis to whoever is simple enough to bother with matters like these. I never bother with them.

My task in this treatise is a two-fold one, and is based on a wholesome skepticism concerning the oft-boasted power of some people to see into the future, and to foretell what is going to happen some time previous to the actual occurrence. The first phase of this undertaking consists of convincing the reader of the utter futility and inanity of all and any attempts to peer through the veil upon the morrow. Then, secondly, I must apply myself to the frolicsome occupation of chiselling the mortar from between the bricks of the very structure I have built, and of surrounding with an aura of plausibility the possibility of forecasting correctly. To construct, and then to demolish — that is my intention, and it is an intention which will appeal to anyone who has ever wondered, at any time, just why life must consist of a continual rising and dressing some time during the morning, and of a continual undressing and retiring some time during the morning after. There are times when everything seems pointless and without purpose. And the moment you have finished reading this article, that will be one of the times.

First of all, then, let me go about the business of convincing the reader of the impossibility of prophesying. It is easy to show that all who profess to be seers or soothsayers are in one and the same category: frauds, cheats, liars, "untruthers", deceivers, spreaders of disillusionment, inculcators of discontent, and, for all I know, probably wife-beaters and napkin-snatchers, too.

The charge is so incurably obvious. You have only to take a few concrete observations, and the conclusions are incontestible. For example, there is the cheerful idiot who incessantly proclaims the coming of the end of the world. This poor misguided youth is obviously frustrated on the very first premise. The earth is an oblate spheroid, and even the loosest scholar in mathematics can tell you

that you just simply can NOT find an end to the ghastly thing. The only geometrical forms that can sport any ends at all are straight lines, rectangles, cylinders, and all such: but oblate spheroids — no. The thing is scientifically inconceivable. And yet, in spite of such discouraging obstacles, one particular brand of fanatic must continue to foresee the approach of the end of the world, and a numbered host of credulous innocents must go on committing suicide to avoid the catastrophe, and a multitude of broken idealists must never cease to regret that the rest of us are here yet. — It is all so painfully apparent.

And if I ever have a moment of uncertainty about all this, I have only to dwell for a brief space on one other species of forecasting, and the last lingering doubt actually struggles to depart from me. That species is the weather forecast — I now have my reader convinced.

The remainder of my duty, namely, the demolition of the thesis I have just proved, is rather more complicated in form, and must be dealt with in minute detail. Throughout the course of its development, however, I must make a request of the reader. He (for it is futile to hope that there will be more than one) must not lose sight of the resolute convictions that we have just acquired in common. In other words, at the present moment, owing to the irresistible appeal of hopeless truths, we are both of one mind in the unflinching belief that it is quite impossible to foresee coming events, and that the shadow which they are said to cast before is not a real shadow at all, but an optical illusion. And, both of us being determined and stout at heart, we would unquestionably lay down our lives, if need be, rather than renounce the stand we have taken on this matter. And further, by the same token, we would willingly go far out of our way to rescue from the welter of ignorance, any chance pervert who chooses to harbour any views to the contrary. That, I think, outlines our position with tolerable accuracy.

In order that I may now proceed to attack that position, it is necessary for me to dilate on one or two commonplace, everyday occurrences — experiences which are known, not only to the reader and myself, but to quite a number of other people

besides. The first of these instances is so nearly ridiculous in its simplicity, that it would be in the nature of an affront to introduce it without an apology. Therefore, I apologize. The formality of introduction ensues.

You have occasion to need a certain object, say, a collar button, which is known to be an integral part of your personal effects, but whose exact location is unknown at the moment it is required. You have an idea where it OUGHT to be, but a peremptory exploration of the suspected location reveals that the desired object is not there. Increased desire and stimulated interest are simultaneous in their growth, and you institute an exhaustive search, which turns out to be futile. Protracted interest metamorphoses into distinct annoyance; efforts are redoubled; but the elusive collar button is not forthcoming. Annoyance, in its turn, gives way to exasperated frenzy. The hunt rapidly acquires a tone little short of frantic. But the rebuff is final, and not to be gainsaid.

This happens once, and your only reaction is one of decided vexation. Later, it happens again, and this time you are looking for a diamond-studded tie-pin. As before, the world — **your** world — seems to be inexplicably destitute of diamond-studded tie-pins. In nine cases out of ten, however, there is sure to be an intolerable excess of opal-studded or sapphire-studded tie-pins. And, if you have chanced to make a New Year's Resolution not to indulge in strong, expressive language, you break it (assuming, preposterously enough, that this infraction has not already taken place on January 2nd, or thereabouts).

Yet a third time, this demoralizing and vicious experience disturbs the serenity of your existence, and, among other things, you ask yourself whether this sort of thing is going to become habitual. For, if it is, the air is likely to be enriched with plentiful ejaculations of sulphur and brimstone, and it is common knowledge that an excess of either may render the atmosphere harmful and unpleasant. After the fourth and fifth experience of this kind, you cannot resist an inward feeling that things are really going a bit too far. I mean, it begins to seem as if adverse circumstances were — shall we say — rather over-doing it, don't you know. And with each succeeding repetition of the occurrence, a horrible suspicion begins to grow in your mind (at least, it did in mine). It is a mere suspicion, however, and nothing else, so you make no mention of it to anyone. It is your secret, and you keep it. I will be charitable, and extend the last to include the members of the fairer sex also.

With the seeds of suspicion already sown, however, your heart becomes a fertile pasture for

the devouring innuendoes fostered by Instance Number Two, and — lamentabile dictu — a genuine doubt springs up in your mind.

Instance Number Two rivals the first in simplicity, and consequently calls for the same apologies, which are vouchsafed in the same unobtrusive vein. — You arrive for the first time in some large city. Someone has kindly informed you how to get to some certain destination you have in mind. You have been told to go straight down such-and-such a street and follow the first turn to the right until you come to the monument with the Latin inscription (or with the **French** inscription, in case Latin is a bit out of your line. There are no English inscriptions). From here you are to pursue a devious route that has been outlined and repeated for your benefit numberless times, at the end of which, your faithful execution of standing instructions will be rewarded by the sight of the place you seek. In order that there should be no room for mistakes, you have committed the directions to memory, and have recited them four times to your informant before parting company with him. It would be difficult to engineer the plan with any greater degree of care or thoroughness.

The take-off is easy. As you leave the railway station, you espy at once the street down which you are to commence your ambling search. With unswerving precision, you take the first turn to the right, and come upon the monument which bears the inscription in whatever language is suitable to the circumstances of the case. Henceforward, you follow out your instructions to the letter, and, if challenged at any given moment, would take a solemn oath upon the largest Bible in existence that you have not gone astray. The only trouble is that, when you have fulfilled the last and final stipulation, and the object of your quest ought to be imposing its unpretentious front upon your attention, the confounded place is nowhere to be found.

With a trace of regret mingled with a sensation of fretful impatience, you are led to believe that, in spite of all your precautions, you have suffered your directions to fall into confusion. While a sea of unfamiliar faces passes you by, you stop to go over the route once more in your mind, with the only result that you become more certain than ever that you have come the right way. Under the impulse of this conviction, you look around once more to be sure that the establishment you are seeking has not escaped your notice. There is not a building of that particular height or colour as far as the eye can see, nor even one that faintly resembles it in the loosest sense that human judgment can countenance.

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A Trip Up The Tigris

By Sidney Wood

VERY shortly after my discharge from the Army at the end of the Great War, I was appointed to a post in Bagdad, the Capital of 'Iraq, where I was destined to spend the next four years of my life, and it has been suggested that a few notes on that ancient and dinteresting country might interest the readers of *The Mitre*.

At the outset, let me make it clear that 'Iraq is the name given to the state formed out of the provinces of Turkish Arabia (known popularly as Mesopotamia) in the old Turkish Empire. This state includes within its borders the sites of many of the most famous cities of bygone days, i.e. Ur of the Chaldees, the original home of Abraham; Babylon, the centre of the great Babylonian Empire and the scene of the Jewish captivity; Nineveh, the home of the Assyrian kings; Bagdad, the 'City of the Caliphs', inseparably connected in our minds with the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and unlike the others I have mentioned, still a flourishing city; and others too numerous to mention here. Indeed the whole land abounds with relics of earlier civilizations. And to us of the British race it has a new interest since its soil has become the resting-ground of the bodies of many of our fellowmen who perished there in the Great War.

Approaching 'Iraq from the sea, i.e. from the Persian Gulf, one has already become well acquainted with the oriental spirit during the odd hours spent at the numerous small Persian and Arabian ports before the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab — the river formed by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates — is reached. On the way up this river to Basra — the chief port of 'Iraq, there is little of interest: Abadan, the great oil-refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is the only place of interest and by the time one reaches there one is so sick of the smell of oil that there is no desire to land.

Basra, about ninety miles from the sea, is a very ordinary Arab town intersected by innumerable creeks. It is very old: it was an important trade centre early in the seventh century, and is the legendary home of Sinbad the Sailor. It is popularly called the "Venice of the East", although the similarity between the two cities does not extend beyond the use of the canals for transport. Venice

is a large city with the canals taking the place of streets: Basra is small: it has roads, and the creeks are additional thoroughfares, running mostly through date plantations. It still retains the 'balmams', the long canoe-like native craft manned by Arabs in flowing robes, while Venice has largely supplanted its fascinating gondolas by the severely practical but hardly beautiful motor-boat.

Like all Arab towns, Basra has numerous small "coffee shops" outside which a large number of local merchants spend their days drinking coffee out of small glasses and conducting their business. These 'coffee shops' take the place of the exchanges in our modern commercial cities. In this connection it is instructive to recollect that the great shipping exchange of London, Lloyd's, takes its name from the coffee-shop at which the London shipowners used to transact their affairs in earlier days.

The main industry of Basra is the packing and shipping of dates. The finest dates in the world grow on the banks of the rivers and creeks running into the Shatt-el-Arab; eaten fresh off the trees they are a sheer joy; in the dried form in which they reach us they have lost their freshness and lusciousness. The dates for export are packed in a very primitive way — having been weighed they are thrown into boxes and tramped on by bare-footed women packers! So if you are fond of dates, I advise you not to visit a date-packing station unless residence in an uncivilized country has accustomed you to primitive methods.

During the war, Basra was the base of the M.E.F. (Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force); thousands of men passed through its base camp and its hospitals. Upon its occupation, the Army officials decided to build a motor road from the city River Front to the wharves, then in course of construction — a distance of some seven miles. (This procedure is quite in accordance with custom — the British Army always loves to build roads). Of course, a steam-roller was required, and one was accordingly ordered from Bombay, the nearest large city. On its arrival, unfortunately, there was no means of discharging it — the ship's derricks were not sufficiently strong, and the wharves had not yet been equipped with cranes. The position

was reported to Bombay, and the steamer, with steam-roller, returned for the crane. Some particularly bright fellow in Bombay, with the laudable object of saving time, loaded the crane on a ship already waiting, and on the arrival of the vessel from Basra the steam-roller was transhipped and the voyage up the Gulf made again. On arrival at Basra, the steam-roller was found to be on top of the crane!

During the war, river-craft from all parts of England and India were brought to 'Iraq, and it was a real reminder of home to see the old London County Council 'penny' steamboats there, their old names such as Shakespeare, Raleigh, Drake, still quite visible through their army grey paint. About thirty of these boats set out under their own steam from London. They were only constructed for river work in very smooth water and had a draught of about 14 inches. Many were wrecked on the way, but sixteen reached their destination, a fine tribute to the skill and resource of their navigators and engineers.

The climate of Basra is worthy of remark. In the winter it is fairly cool and frosts are not uncommon in the January and February nights — from May to October it is really hot. In 1921 we experienced 130 deg. in the shade on one memorable day; that was regarded as exceptional — even a large number of the natives died from the heat. In these months, however, 125 deg. in the shade is quite common — sometimes for two or three weeks the temperature does not go below 100 deg. day or night. The hot nights are the real terror of the Basra climate. Mosquitoes abound, and there is a recognised "flea" season, during which all classes fare alike: it is the regular procedure whilst it lasts — for about three weeks — to shake all one's underclothing over a basin of water while undressing at night!

Up the river from Basra we arrive at Kurneh, the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates. This is supposed to be the hottest inhabited place in the world: its chief industry is the breeding of a particularly large and ferocious brand of mosquito. In many years it was regarded as the site of the Garden of Eden, and even to-day a certain tree is pointed out as the one that is the cause of all the troubles of the world. British soldiers were stationed there during the war; one is reported to have said that he could not understand why angels with flaming swords were required to keep our first parents away from it!

Proceeding up the Tigris, still between banks lined with date palms, we reach Amara, a little town which is interesting for a special sect of Arabs known locally as Sabeans. They hold John the

Baptist in special veneration, and more than half of the males bear his name. They never use a razor, and bathe daily in the running water of the river — these are important rules. They are experts in a special type of silver work known as Amaraware: a design, generally of a pictorial nature, is scratched in the metal: the scratches are then filled with Antimony, and the whole highly polished. The work is charming: handsome offers have been made by large British and American firms to induce the workers to go to Europe and the U. S. A. without avail.

The next town that merits our attention is Kut-el-Amara — generally known now as Kut — the scene of the great siege during the War. It may be remembered that General Townshend, with a most inadequate force, but under instructions from India, had attempted to capture Bagdad. He reached Ctesiphon 18 miles from his goal, where he met the 'Turkish Armies now reinforced by troops relieved from the Gallipoli front. His small force was already severely reduced by wounds and sickness; he had a 500 mile line of communication to guard; his men were exhausted by marching and fighting for months in trying climatic conditions and with insufficient food and water. In spite of this, a great battle was fought, but it was a Pyrrhic victory that was gained: it was impossible to advance further owing to the weakness of the force. General Townshend was forced to retire on Kut where he was besieged. Strenuous efforts were made to relieve him, but without success, and in April, 1916, sickness and starvation forced him to capitulate after a most heroic defence lasting 145 days. It was not until February of the following year that the British forces were able to recapture Kut.

Ctesiphon, once the capital of the Parthian Empire, reminds us that we are nearing Bagdad. All that remains of Ctesiphon, once the home of art treasures of enormous value, is the famous Arch of Ctesiphon; the central hall of the palace of Chorsoes (Sixth Century). The Arch although constructed of mud bricks is in an extremely fine state of preservation, but nothing else is left of a city that was in a flourishing condition up to the end of the eighth century.

The view of Bagdad from the Tigris is most attractive. Large houses set among palm trees, on both sides of the river, combine with the domes and minarets of many mosques to form a most delightful picture; and surely few names conjure up more visions of oriental splendour than that of the city of Haroun-al-Raschid. Its origins are far back in the past: it is probable that a city of some size existed on the site in the days of the Babylonian Empire,

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The Second Quebec Provincial Rover Moot

By T. J. Matthews.



On Saturday, April 30th, a new era was marked in the history of Rover Scouting in Canada. The second Quebec Provincial Rover Moot was attended by Rover Scouts from Canada east of Toronto and from Hartford and Boston in the United States. Sixty-three delegates in all, of which five represented Lennoxville, met seventy-five Montreal Rovers on Saturday afternoon at 2.30, sang songs for half an hour and then sat up and took notice. At three o'clock sharp the gong rang and the Moot had begun.

The delegates were officially welcomed by the Provincial Commissioner, T. H. Wardleworth. He expressed the hope that the visitors would both enjoy the weekend and gain something from the sessions. As the holding of a Rover Moot of such large proportions was more or less of an experiment organized in the face of much opposition, he could only hope that his wish would be realised. Prof. H. de L. French, Rover Commissioner of Montreal, extended a welcome on behalf of the city. Concluding, he said "I have a recantation to make. Some time ago I was asked if I really knew what the Rovers were trying to do and I said I did not. But now, seeing a gathering like this, I know what the Rovers are trying to do — and so do they."

The first session began at 3.25. During the session the Montreal Rovers gave a demonstration of a composite crew meeting. To the many Scoutmasters present this demonstration was of very great value. It gave them practical ideas as to how a Rover Crew meeting should be conducted, namely — that it should contain the elements of a business meeting, a study circle and a social gathering. The Crew's business was to carry out a well-organized scheme of social service; as students, to help one another in the pursuit of knowledge; and as members of society, not to be interested only in themselves and in their own particular town, but in all Scouts everywhere, and in all the people of the world, thus contributing as far as they could to the interests of international peace.

Session Two began at 4.15, and the 138 delegates were ceremonially divided into Rover Moot Crews. At 4.30 the afternoon sessions were ad-

joined, to assemble again on Sunday morning at 9.30.

Session Three consisted of Moot business. A discussion was held as to the holding of another Provincial Moot. The idea was greeted with great enthusiasm, Sherbrooke, Richmond and Lennoxville making valiant efforts to shout down the rest. It was moved and carried that a third Provincial Moot be held next April, the place to be settled later.

Sessions Four, Five and Six dealt with three subjects — "Crew Service," "Rambling," and "Scout Law." Each subject was introduced by a speaker and then discussed for fifteen minutes, discussions being in groups of ten crews. Each crew dealt with one aspect of the subject indicated by one or two written questions. As replies to these questions the conclusions of each crew were read by the Rover Mates respectively to the remaining crews. Although the questions overlapped rather more than necessary, the system of "group" discussion typical of the Scout movement proved to be very successful.

The subject, "Crew Service", was introduced by Sessions Chairman A. Ingham. He pointed out that in city or village Rovers could perform personal service.

"But," he said, "when you have a plan, think first — Is any form of service you do going to take away someone's job?"

Service could be performed in two ways, on a definite plan, or by a flying squad, consisting of men ready to do anything. In all service the team spirit must predominate.

"It is the mistakes we make," he concluded, "which attract people's attention. Make sure that your service will raise the tone and prestige of Scouting all over the world."

"Rambling" was introduced by the Chief Commissioner, John Stiles. He suggested that hiking was generally mistaken for rambling. The hiker had a definite point to which he went, probably as quickly as possible. But the rambler is not going anywhere in particular, but always with a definite objective. The rambler must not rush. Let him feel that he is a part of Nature, a calm and peace in his soul. To camp and not to ramble is like buying a book and not reading it.

District Rover Leader of the Eastern Townships, Philip Carrington, dealt with the "Scout Law."

"History", he said, "will look back on the Scout movement as the greatest religious movement of our century."

He felt that his scouting had helped him to understand the Gospels. The Apostles were like the Scouts, young men, of ages between 16 and 25 years. He could see them setting out on their ramble, staff in hand; and their Leader with nowhere to lay His head. So, too, must the Scout set out on his ramble. Rovers have religious obligations. They must be loyal to their church-membership in spite of the unhappy divisions. So, too, with national visions. "Let us all be the best we can for the nation and the Church." But God is not only found in the open air or in the Church. "Learn to find Him by yourselves, IN FELLOWSHIP." All man-made bodies have faults; even the clergy are difficult; a Scout must be prepared to oil the wheels. Yet in doing so, he must not forget that after all the Church has got something in it. Unless this were so it could not have survived these hundreds of years. People do not go to Church to hear the choir, organist or preacher. They go because the Church has a life in it, a soul. Therefore Scouts must help to maintain their own religious body.

Returning to the thought of Fellowship, Rover Leader Carrington stressed the need of finding God "within you."

"You each have within you the voice of God. This inward voice that tells you to believe a thing because it is true; to do it because it is right; to love it because it is beautiful, is called your honour, and is God within you — that is what is meant by your honour.

"The voice of God calls you to service. You are put here to do a job, and that job is just outside your door. Obey that voice within you — that is what is meant by being loyal to God and the King."

Pointing out that religion is not only a thing of harps and green pastures, he requested that the Scouts sing a hymn suggestive of joyous endeavour. The session ended with the singing of "Father, hear the prayers we offer", with the last verse —

Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

Session Seven concluded the morning's sittings. Capt. R. Stewart, M.C., dealt with The Vigil and Investiture. Comparing the Scout's vigil to that of a knight in the Middle Ages, he stressed

the importance of the Scout's taking his vigil with equal seriousness. The vigil, which takes place immediately before investiture as a Rover Scout, should be preceded by a year's preparation, during which the candidate stands on probation. If at the end of this period he feels that he can live up to the standards required of a Rover Scout, he takes the vigil and is invested. Capt. Stewart regarded this as a turning point in a young man's life.

At 12.15 the morning sessions were adjourned for lunch.

The afternoon sessions began at 1.30 with the usual sing-song, conducted by Scoutmaster Rush. The high standard of songs which he chose throughout and the masterful way in which he conducted the singing was one of the most delightful and instructive features of the Moot.

Session Eight dealt with entrance requirements, discussed by Scoutmaster Crossland. He pointed out that the Rover movement, in admitting Scouts and non-Scouts, must decide whether or not there must be a fixed Rover Scout standard to be met by both. He felt that the twenty-one years' scouting tradition should be maintained, but that the thing of fundamental importance was that a man be prepared to live up to the Rover Motto — I Serve.

Between Sessions Eight and Nine two "Rambler's Badges" were presented by the Chief Commissioner John Stiles.

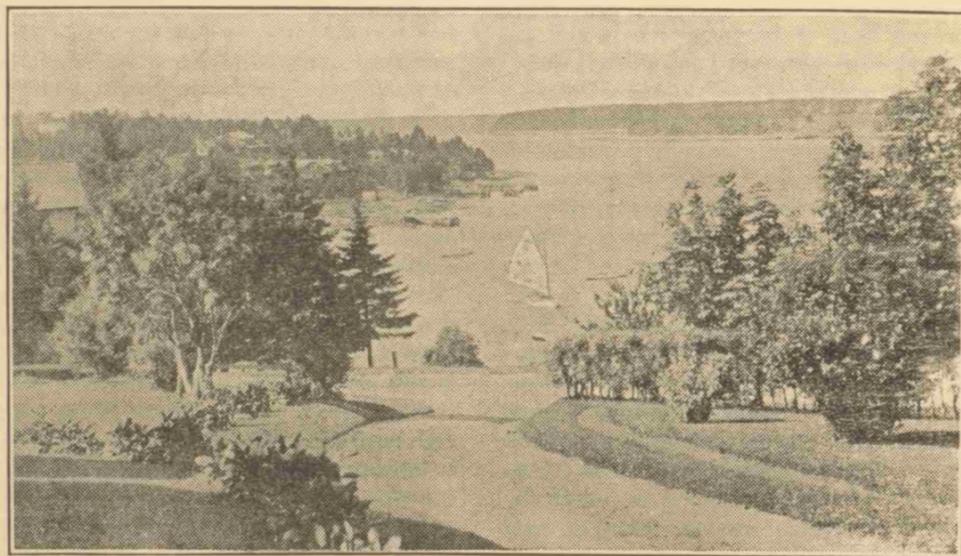
Session Nine, on Rover Programmes, was led by the President of the Montreal Rover Club, F. S. Madden. His paper was more applicable to the subject of the previous session than to Rover programmes. Scoutmaster Madden presented a scheme designed to produce warranted Gillwell officers, Rovers with definite quests and time to fulfil them, and Rovers able to handle their quests. The scheme as outlined is, in brief, as follows: A man wishes to become a Rover Scout. He is either a Scout or a non-Scout. If a Scout, his wish to become a Rover must be sanctioned by his Scoutmaster, he must have gained his first-class badge, and he must be free from the Scouts in order that he may give his whole time to Rover Scouting.

If a non-Scout, for which contingency the scheme is designed, he must pass through three periods of training. Period I consists of a year as a Rover Squire, a sampling year. During this year he must take 3A Gillwell and support the service council. He must not wear the Rover badge. Period II — For two years he becomes a full-fledged Rover. During this period he passes 2B Gillwell and is temporarily attached to troops or packs for two or four months. He is to decide up-

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The World's Greatest Playground

(Contributed by the Federal Government)



THE majority of Canadians probably do not realize what a wonderful choice of vacation opportunities this country offers. How many of us in any one province have first-hand knowledge of the wide range of attractions of our neighbouring provinces? Many no doubt have gone abroad to seek a holiday, forgetting that our own Dominion is unequalled in the exceptional variety and range of its recreational resources. Surely a country which attracts visitors from other countries by the tens of millions must have recreational features of interest to its own citizens.

It is so easy to travel in Canada that an interprovincial tour is a recreation which every Canadian vacationist may well and profitably undertake. All the developed and much of the undeveloped part of the Dominion is easily accessible by train, boat, or automobile. Canada is served by two of the world's greatest railway systems and a number of smaller lines. The equipment and service are of the highest standard. Steamers built specially for pleasure cruising afford many pleasant trips along the coast and on the extensive inland water system of lakes, rivers and canals. A cruise from the head of the Great Lakes to the Maritime Pro-

vinces is nearly equal, in distance, to an ocean voyage. Good roads lead to practically all scenic and sporting territories. Canada's road system includes many thousands of miles of surfaced highways, well equipped with direction signs and danger signals. Tourist accommodation, from campsite to hotel, is available almost everywhere.

National and provincial parks in Canada cover nearly 25,000 square miles. They are areas which have been withdrawn from exploitation and are being preserved in their virgin beauty and wildness, for purposes of pleasure and recreation. The largest national parks are in the Rocky Mountains section of Alberta, a region of unsurpassed scenic splendor admirably equipped by nature for all forms of sport and recreation. There are also important parks in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. Accommodation ranges all the way from large modern hotels, to log cabins and tents. Fishing is one of the chief attractions in the parks, but game animals and birds are rigidly protected and their fearlessness never fails to interest visitors.

Throughout the Dominion there are many summer resort districts which offer a wide range of

attraction and variety of accommodation. On the Atlantic coast, in the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are typical sea-shore resorts, where salt-water bathing, sailing and deep sea fishing are the principal attractions. The rugged beauty of this coast and the picturesque charm of the fishing villages, at the head of every inlet, cannot fail to enchant the summer visitor.

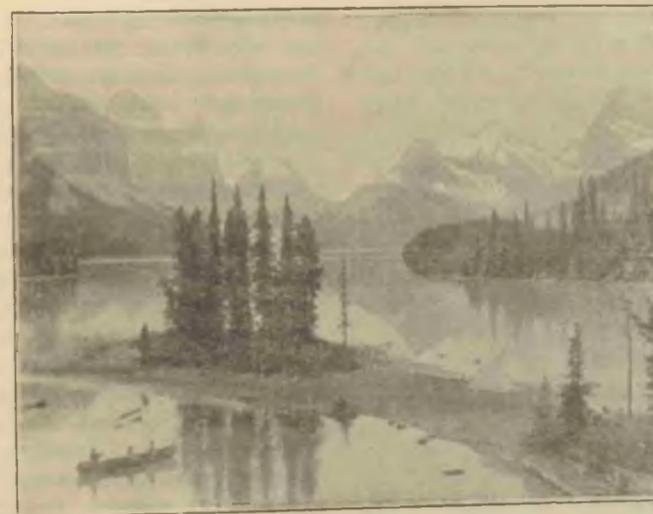
Quebec's summer playgrounds are of the most varied nature including as they do, sea-shore, mountain, lake and forest resorts. Along the lower St. Lawrence, summer colonies have been established at many points. North of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers the Laurentian mountains, clothed with pine forest and dotted with lakes, constitute a vast summer and winter playground. The Eastern Townships, which adjoin the international boundary, also have a number of well-established resorts, on picturesque lakes and rivers.

Ontario has perhaps the largest number and greatest variety of developed summer resorts of any of the provinces. The Thousand Islands, Lake of Bays, Muskoka Lakes, and Georgian Bay are known throughout America, but there are in addition equally attractive, only slightly less known districts. Accommodation includes everything from campsite to palatial hotel, and cottages may be rented in any district.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta many attractive resorts are located along the shores of the lakes and rivers. The Canadian Rockies are world famous for scenic beauty and contain some of the most highly developed tourist resorts on the continent.

British Columbia, with varied and splendid scenic attractions, is a tourist wonderland. The province has majestic mountain ranges, and extensive lake area, stately forests, an imposing coast line, and many attractive resorts in settings of exceptional natural beauty.

For a number of years the Department of the Interior at Ottawa has been engaged in the promotion of the Canadian tourist industry, more especially the development of tourist travel from the United States to Canada. It is also endeavouring to influence Canadians to spend their vacation in the Dominion. The National Development Bureau of that Department will gladly furnish interprovincial road maps and other information for the use of those planning a Canadian tour, and where necessary will refer enquiries to provincial and local tourist organizations. Applicants should be as specific as possible as to the section of Canada in which they are interested, in order that available information may be supplied.



When Convocation Was Peppered

By M. A. Stephens.

THESE have no doubt been many occasions in the past when the students of Bishop's have been of the opinion that the proceedings of Convocation needed "gingering up", but there is only one occasion on record (during the 39 years of "The Mitre's" existence) of an attempt to pepper the occasion. This attempt is described, in language of severely disapproving tone, in the Graduation number of "The Mitre" in 1909.

"Forethought and presence of mind on the part of the University authorities," we are told, "narrowly averted what might have proved a miniature epidemic of nasal and bronchial influenza at the Convocation. Shortly before the hour it was discovered that the students had liberally sprinkled the floor and platform of Convocation Hall with energetic red pepper. Fortunately for the academic dignity of the occasion this was swept up as speedily as possible, but even then the temptation to sneeze and cough was at times too overpowering even for those sitting in high places."

The present President of the University (the Bishop of Montreal) will remember the occasion well, as on that day he received his D.D.

Generally speaking, those who have contributed reports of Convocation to "The Mitre" appear to have been burdened with the solemnity of "the greatest day in the University year", as many call it. But bits of fun bob up even in the most solemn reports.

In 1899 somebody with a great feeling for propriety bewailed the fact that the Valedictory Speech was at that time always delivered by an Arts man not proceeding to Divinity. He declared with feeling that the life of a theological student could not be worthily portrayed by an Arts man. His remedy was to duplicate the Valedictory Speech, and have both faculties properly represented (or misrepresented).

There is in the report of Principal Adams' speech in 1896 a mysterious reference which may be constructed in a way perhaps not in the speaker's thoughts. The reference reads: "A proposal from a Ladies' College in Ontario had been declined with regret". 1896 was a Leap Year. Oh! Oh! for further details!

The reporter of Convocation in 1910 was a

gallant youth with a flair for pretty compliments, but his contribution is hopelessly "dated" by his enthusiastic references to the prevailing fashions. He prattles of "ladies in ravishing creations of muslin and flounces, and crowned with awe-inspiring specimens of the modiste's art". Some of us just remember those "awe-inspiring specimens!"

A few lines further down the same writer gives us another hint on the changes made by time, when he refers to the graduating year as "ten good men and true, and two blushing members of the fair sex."

The Jubilee Convocation in 1895 was a grand affair. It was attended by both the Governor-General (Lord Aberdeen), with Lady Aberdeen, and the Lieutenant-Governor (Hon. J. A. Chapleau), and so much time was taken with speeches of welcome and reply that the Valedictorian, N. C. Lyster, B.A., did not get a hearing. "The Mitre" nevertheless printed his speech in full to show that the absence of the oration from the Convocation programme was "not caused by any lack of readiness" on Mr. Lyster's part.

Mr. E. B. Clare Avery, B.A., who delivered the Valedictory address the previous year, seems to have been a model orator — or else the contributor to "The Mitre" was peeved at having a seat near the back. He writes that Mr. Avery "was quite at home before his audience and his rich voice and clear elocution made it a pleasure to listen to him in any part of the Hall. Would that all our speakers would try to make themselves heard throughout the Hall as did the Valedictorian".

The Valedictory speech of L. McD. Cairnie, B.A., in 1898, contained a pun, but a grace and learned pun befitting the dignity of the pious days of Queen Victoria. He refers to the gymnasium, which had been erected at a cost of \$4,500. following the raising in 1895-6 of a Jubilee Fund.

"To a classical scholar", he says, "the term gymnasium brings the ideas of a school-of-learning. To we moderns it brings the ideas of a training place for the body. But in this new gymnasium Bishop's College has surpassed both the ancient and modern conception and has attained the happy combination of both."

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An Old Chantyman

Allen Brockington, Ph.D. (Lond.), M.A. (Bishop's)

I HAVE just visited Mr. John Short, the famous singer of sea-chanties. He lives in Watchet, a little huddled sea-port on the South shore of the Bristol Channel.

I have known Watchet for forty years. It is close to the Quantock Hills, which are now becoming the haunt of tourists and hikers — cheerful, well-watered, colourful hills, with combs on either side, whose names, Ram's Combe, Cockercombe, Shepherd's Combe, call up to my mind visions of loveliness. If you climb the slope from Watchet another range of hills confronts you, the "tumpy" Brendons, different in character from the softly-rounded Quantocks; and the Brendons merge into Exmoor, the great castle of Dunster standing like a guardian fortress at the entrance to the wilder country. This English scene is not awe-inspiring but intimate and pleasant. And I associate it with old John Short, the singer of English sea-songs.

I came to know him first in July, 1914. Cecil Sharp was staying with me at Carhampton Vicarage, an easy bicycle ride from Watchet, and he suggested that we should go there, to see what John Short had to offer in the way of Folk-tunes. I forget who had given Cecil information. He was always picking up the names of singers, and he would take any trouble and travel any distance to find them. For example, as you may know, he travelled to the Appalachian Mountains during the War, and discovered there a community of British emigrants who had preserved traditional tunes from Tudor times, tunes that were indeed old when Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco from Virginia. Cecil Sharp had heard of John Short, and so we went to find him.

Everyone in Watchet knew him, for he was the Town Crier and announced to the inhabitants the local news in a great resonant voice that showed no sign of decline or feebleness, though John Short was then seventy-five years old. Before he retired from the sea, John had been a chantyman on the old windjammers. He was quite willing to sing to us. Cecil Sharp, who had developed an almost uncanny skill in noting tunes, took them down as John Short sang them, and I took down the words.

Some of the songs he sang were to be found in some version or other among the collections of

Tozer, Laura Alexandrine Smith, Whall and Bullen and Arnold. Whall and Bullen had been (or were) professional sailors and set down the chanties they had learned at sea. Neither Cecil Sharp nor I had so much as heard a chanty sung on board ship.

Perhaps I need not tell you what a chanty is. Everyone is supposed to know. But I would remind that they were working-songs, meant to assist in and lighten the labour on a ship: pulling, bunting, winding up the anchor. The verse of the Chanty was sung by the Chief singer, called the Chantyman, and the refrain by all the sailors together.

John Short had been the chief singer of whatever ship he sailed in. He had a voice of exceptional power and quality, deep but very flexible. Some Chanties are not easy to sing; none presented any difficulty to John Short.

Cecil Sharp and I went to his cottage in Market St. and on three following days he sang sixty-three songs. Thirteen of them had not appeared in any collection. I shall never forget my first hearing of "Shanadar". You know the tune, massive, magnificent. I cannot tell how it originated. I once suggested (in *The Times*) that it might be traced to a negro spiritual, and the suggestion was not unkindly received. However that may be, it was new to me when John Short sang it in July, 1914, and it thrilled me like a personal call to action, a rousing word from a beloved commander, almost as if Jesus Himself were speaking. Music may have that effect.

The three days were full of excitement and interest. I was excited by John's singing; I was deeply interested in John's wife. He asked if I would like to see her. He led the way to a bedroom; and, lying there, was a sweet-faced smiling old lady, her hands twisted and her wrists swollen and her body nearly helpless through rheumatism. I said, "You can't cook, can you?" "No," she said, "John does that". "And tidying up the house?" "John does that mostly." "And I suppose John carries you into the parlour when you want a change?" "Oh, yes, John does that."

Another excitement came on the third day. We had climbed the slopes aforesaid on our way to

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Au Revoir

(Apologies to Drummond)

I cannot spik good Henglish, I'm only Habitant,
I'm born in Frenchman's countree, ici au Canadaw;
But I have got one story dat I was want for spik
An' if you'll only listen, I'll try for say her quick.

I'm one dem student, me, what's wear de big black gown,
Dat's hangin' loos about de neck an' reach down to de groun',
An' walkin' 'bout de college hall an' makin' plenty noise,
An' holler "Duo potamo" among de res' de boys.

An' me, I'm one dem feller, me, day call us "Senior Class",
We're jus' lak noder student, 'cept we'll not take any sass.
Of course we're better scholar, 'cause we've been here more long,
An' oder class may act like fool, but we do noting wrong.

Der's plenty of us in dis class an' five of us is girl,
An' jus' about de nicest girl was ever on de worl'.
Course all de college girl is nice, an' noders dey may pass,
But if you want for see de bes', jus' look on Senior Class.

For long tam now we've live dis place an lak her pretty well,
An' we have had some good tam here, more nicer'n I can tell.
I wish dat I could spik more good for tole you all de fun
Dat we was have on U.B.C. since tam we firs' begun.

Of course der's plenty tings for learn upon de B.A. course,
An Faculty dey make us work jus' lak one nigger horse,
Jus' sam we don't work all de tam, I'm tole you dat, mon vieux,
We do some tings beside ourselves de Faculty don't knew.

Plenty tam we're out at night an' havin' grand soiree,
When dey was tink we're in de house an' workin' hard maybe;
But next day den we're all in class an' lookin' purty wise
An' Prof., he tink we're very good an' workin' for de prize.

Some tam, of course, he's ask question dat's show him purty soon
He might about as well have ask de feller in de moon,
An' den, maybe, he'll mark us "flunk", — an maybe not ma frien',
It's jus' if he is feelin' good, or mad lak one wet hen.

An' sometams when de work is hard, we tink, perhaps twas bes'
To cut de class an' stay away an' tak some leetle res'.
De Prof. I s'pose he's feelin' mad lak Frenchman on de spree,
When he is have for make lecture to almos' nobody.

But dat is noting moch ma frien', de Prof. he'll soon forget, —
In two, tree day it's all O.K., an' noting is upset.
When Faculty is very mad, we let dem say der spiel,
For purty soon its all pass by an' nobody is kill.

All sam' de Profs were purty good, we fin' no fault wit' dem,
If dey was work us very hard, dey lak us all de sam'.
An' when we go out on de worl' an' try for mak' our mark,
We'll know dey did der bes' for us to give us one good start.

Our college days are pass ma frien', we're goin' purty soon,
To-night we're go for say good-bye to all de ole class room,
An' maybe when we're out on worl' an' tink of day gone bye, —
Playin' game an' sparkin' girl, — we'll cry upon our eye.

But let me say before we go, to you dat's lef' behin',
Ders every reason on de worl' why you should have big time.
Der's dances, an' der's meetin's, an' der's rugby football too —
Wall tak' in everyting you can, dat's bes' ting you can do.

Course maybe students do some ting dat you wont always lak;
Dey'll mak you get so mad some tam you'll feel lak break der neck,
But dat has always been de way since college life begun,
So if you're only wise ma frien', you'll tak it all in fun.

Der's noder ting keep on your mind, de Freshmen mus' be told
"If you are want for spik de girls, take care you're not too bold,
For if you're stanin' roun' de hall when you should be at Math.,
Maybe some night you'll go below for take col' water bath."

Der's many way for spark de girl, an' you know dat of course,
Some ways dey might be better, an' some dey might be worse,
But if you're goin' for do good work, an' want for have good luck,
Remember what I'm tole you now, take care you don't get "struck".

Sa tak' dis leetle bit advice dat comes from Senior Class
An' when examination's done you'll fin' dat you have pass'.
If you are too much wit de girl, den jus' before you know,
Lak leetle dog try catch his tail, roun' roun' your head she'll go.

I wish dat we could live wit' you for noder year or two,
To tole you when for do some tings dat you are need to do,
But den der's no use tink lak dat, dat we can always stay,
We mus get ready settle down an' go get mariée.

Maybe fifteen year or more we'll come dis place again,
Of course I don't know how we'll change, or where you'll all be den,
But if you're livin' on de worl', I tink it would be fine,
For you to meet us here again some Convocation time.

But Freshman, Junior, an' Divine, an' you Matrics. also,
I want for tole you do your bes' for mak' de college go.
For you can travel every place, I'm tole you dat, bien oui,
An' you will never fin' de place so good lak U. B. C.

—"Yenthor."

How To Be a Co-ed

By Lillian Salicis, B.A.

IN a few short paragraphs I am going to try to show any girl who is interested, how to be a Co-ed.

In the first place, the aspirant must pass the entrance exams. This is very easily done with the aid of a good crib, (or even a very poor one), and the assistance of a girl's charm which she should exhibit before all the college professors and the so-called "supervisors of the exam."

However, bringing home a list of 40's that admit you to the august institution doesn't make you a Co-ed. Oh no! There are many tortures that must yet be undergone before you can rightly assume that title. You must, for the long period of two weeks, endure the taunts of the animals known as Juniors and Seniors; you must bow down to them; you must, (or should), worship and revere them; you must fag for them; wait hand and foot on them; and above all, honour and obey these dignified personages. You may have to undergo bodily torture, such as "scrambling like an egg" — but what matters that — it is all part of the proceedings of becoming a Co-ed — and what tortures wouldn't be borne for that?

You usually receive the title "freshman" as soon as you become an aspirant for a college career. You remain a charming young maiden until you become a Junior, but I musn't say anything about Juniors and Seniors as I don't wish to make fun of old people.

Sad to relate, on coming to college, you must begin to attend what are known as "lectures". These are a lot of piffle in the form of insinuating talks by the learned (?) professors, and they are both reducing and producing agents. They **reduce** listeners to a dazed condition and finally **produce** sleep. Students who have stood them for four years are rarely known to keep awake. You may be lucky, and escape the evil designs of the professors by attending the "lectures" only occasionally — but alas — you may get caught, and get only 39 on that supp. and that is both final and fatal to your becoming a Co-ed. The best thing to do is to attend the so-called "lectures" and sleep if you must, but on the day before the exam, use those wiles of yours (if any) and borrow the notes of the 100% college student (the one who sat at the front and surveyed

the professor through horn-rimmed spectacles).

It is imperative that you attend all the college dances and shows with the handsomest man you can find — and at that you will have to do some looking. In some cases, you will have to be content with a Senior!

You must also learn to play bridge, and in doing this, acquire all the nicest habits that belong to this game. You will be immediately disqualified as a Co-ed if you ever remember what is trump, or fail to trump your partner's ace.

Again, you must always ask college boys for cigarettes — never, on any occasion whatever, buy your own. This if not followed would spoil the effect of a Co-ed's dependence on the stronger sex, and would make you an outcast from that Co-ed body.

Even should you obey all the aforesaid rules, you are far from being a Co-ed in every sense of the word. In the early fall, it is your duty to buy the college athletic ticket and attend all the football games. This game, to the freshman, looks like a "free-for-all", and in many cases it is. Usually eleven or twelve of the stronger men put on all the extra clothing they can find and boot a football this way and that until an arbitrator, called the referee, calls a large number into a huddle (not to tell a dirty joke) but to tell each other what to do with the pigskin. Then one person makes off with the ball, while couples, all over the field have individual wrestling matches. But a Co-ed must not be fooled! You must realize that the player wouldn't dare steal the ball while there are so many spectators, and soon you will see that the ball is given to the other side. In this game, there are two creatures known as full-backs (due to the extra clothing), one at each end of the field, whose duty it is to eliminate (polite for kill) any opposing player who tries to carry the ball behind either one of a set of white posts situated at each end of the field. Usually the dead and wounded are well cared for.

Regardless of your feelings you must appear to enjoy the game described above, and you must also attend many others. If there is a Co-ed's basketball team, or even hockey team, you must also give those your unfailing support — if only from

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Lord John Russell & Co.

By Gordon O. Rothney

ON June 7th, 1832, the Reform Bill became an Act. But a short time previously, England had concluded the greatest war in which, up till that time, she had ever taken part. The establishment of peace had been followed by a period of reaction and intense nationalism, and then had come economic depression and social unrest. Finally, just as the nation seemed to have reached the breaking point, there had burst upon it the spirit of reform. The result was that Great Britain was saved, and enabled to enter upon a period of prosperity unparalleled elsewhere in her history.

One hundred years have passed. Recently another war, the greatest in history, has been fought. Again reaction and nationalism have followed the treaties of peace. And now has come the inevitable period of economic depression and social unrest. Before prosperity is restored, far-reaching reforms will again have been effected, — reforms which may thoroughly shock us, but reforms which are as necessary as those of a century ago.

When, in the year 1814, hostilities ceased between England and France, a war, which had continued for eleven years without intermission, was brought to an end. During this prolonged struggle, Englishmen had not given much thought to the administration of the government at home. Then had come one of those periods which invariably follow a time of great upheavals, a period when all untried proposals are frowned upon, lest they should lead to new disorders. The nations regarded each other with suspicion, shut themselves up in tariff walls, trusted their destinies to scheming diplomats. Naturally enough depression followed. Then the pendulum swung. Finding that political conditions had been stationary while rapid progress had been taking place along other lines, public opinion began to make itself felt in matters of government. In 1830, revolutions occurred in France, in Belgium, in Poland. In England the cry for reform was heard on all sides. The Tory ministry of Peel and Wellington fell. Two years later the House of Lords was forced to accept the "Great Charter of 1832".

With the passing of the Reform Bill, England abolished aristocratic government, it would seem, for ever. The middle class had now recover-

ed even more than its old control over the House of Commons. True, England had not yet become a genuine democracy. The franchise was still very limited. But the masses who, as it appeared, received little direct benefit from the measure, supported it with all the vigor and enthusiasm which they were capable of exhibiting. Demonstrations, even riots, became common, and the nation approached nearer to the brink of revolution than it was ever again to do until the General Strike of 1926. For the people realized that the Bill was but the first step in a movement which would eventually place supreme power in their own hands. Everywhere was raised the shout for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." Yet the forces of reaction did not give way without a desperate struggle. The new proposals met with adverse votes in both Houses of Parliament, a dissolution followed, then an election, a resignation and reappointment of the ministry, a creation of sixteen new peers, and finally King, Lords, and Commons gave their assent.

Many a respectable gentleman shuddered as he reflected upon the effect which this catastrophe would have upon the future of the nation. Supporters of the Bill were denounced as extremists and idealists. Yet, a few generations later, conservatives were fighting for the principles of the deceased radicals of the "thirties". Today, Earl Grey and Lord John Russell are recognized as two of the outstanding figures in the history of Great Britain.

The great achievement of 1832 was followed by further reforms. Slavery was abolished, Parliament passed a Factory Act, a New Poor Law, a Municipal Reform Act, Canada acquired self-government, and finally, in 1846, the Corn Laws were repealed. Before long, free trade had made Great Britain the most prosperous nation in the world.

In 1918 another Great War came to an end. It also was followed by a period of reaction, when innovations were far from popular, when men desired, at any cost, a calm in which to recover from the recent storms. Distrust of legislatures became almost universal. Many of the nations submitted to the rule of a dictator. In France, Britain, and

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Evangeline Park

By Gladys Hutley

CANADA, the land of hope and promise, hallows the spots where victories have been won, where blood was shed that the country might be free. Many a village hamlet could repeat a tale of the eventful past, whether of joy or sadness, yet none could reveal a more stirring episode of history than Grande Pré, where once the Angelus rang.

The little village, now far from the sea, is still, as in past years, a peaceful habitation, with a little white church. Only automobiles disturb the stillness which seems laden with sad memories. Tall trees shade the roads that lead to Grand Pré's shrine, known as Evangeline Park. To this Park many tourists pay honest admiration, and a pilgrimage has been made by people from the various parts of North America.

A few years ago, there was no such park as exists today. It was merely a large stretch of ground, with an old well and a few willow trees. However it had its own particular beauty and in walking across the grass one felt that he was treading on holy ground. Now the place is somewhat "glorified", with lily-ponds, Church and statue. The park is really very well laid out and possesses great dignity. People who visit the place for the first time are prone to admire it, but to many who learned to love Evangeline's home before its modernization, to-day's dignity does not satisfy. They feel a difference in the atmosphere, and wonder if the willows frown upon what has taken place.

At the entrance to the Park there is a green gateway. One passes through this to the main pathway which is gravelled. Along the left side there are lily ponds and a green lawn. Further up the path, on the right hand side, there is the old well, which, by the use of mortar, has been preserved. Not far distant from the well is a stone cairn, in memory of those who were compelled to leave their homestead in 1755.

The most outstanding feature of the Park is the statue of Evangeline, a magnificent piece of work in bronze. The pedestal is about six or seven feet high. Evangeline has her hair in braids, and holds in her hands a broom. She looks across the green meadows of her beloved home. The statue has a remarkable feature which many people fail to discern, because they do not think to look for it, or have not been told to do so. By tracing the facial expression from one side to the other, one will notice that Evangeline appears at first as the young

and beautiful girl who left Acadia, and then as the saddened woman, who, after years of search, found her lover.

To the left of the Park, a short distance from the statue, stands a church constructed on the plan of the old building in which the Acadian men and boys were trapped by the troops of Cornwallis. It is not a church in the real sense of the word, where people may worship, as did the former residents of Grand Pré, but it is used as a sort of museum, in which relics of the French Acadian habitation are kept. It is simply constructed of reddish brick, with a small tier of steps in front.

Behind the church is an old burying ground, guarded by massive willow trees. Nearby, the ground is marked off to show where Cornwallis and his men were stationed, and beyond the church, the "meadow" is allowed to take its own course for a distance of several hundred yards, the grass growing to its natural height, with wild flowers dotted here and there.

In the evening, when the sun has almost disappeared below the horizon, it is a delight to wander through the park gazing around until the past seems to rise and react its history with true vividness. It is then that Grand Pré takes its place among the villages with a past and Canada with a future.

Pro Patria

By J. S. Aikins and G. J. Cameron

IF a stranger or a foreigner were to say that Canada is a backward country, his fate would be too horrible to think about. If a native Canadian were to make the same charge, he would very possibly be shunned and execrated as a traitor: his authority would be questioned; his reasons and reason denounced. But if the charge were laid by a man of recognized eminence and sanity, his voice should not go unheard.

Such a charge has been laid by Professor F. H. Underhill of the Department of History of the University of Toronto in a recent issue of the Canadian Forum. In his article Professor Underhill merely mentions a few of the features of the situation in which Canada finds herself today. He merely states that: "Canada lags behind most other countries in her political thinking"; and critics there are who are "sceptical about the ability of our particular leaders in finance, industry, and politics

to give us any useful guidance in our crisis;" but, "there exists no organization to which such men and women can attach themselves with much enthusiasm."

Mr. Underhill goes on to outline a League that has been formed to fill this gap. The purposes and aims of this league, the League for Social Reconstruction, are given; its executive committee is named; its construction and constitution are presented; and the whole scheme appears so straight forward and simple that we wonder why such an organisation has never been mooted before.

The League will be a kind of Canadian Fabian Society, although at present it may lack any Bernard Shaw or Sidney Webb or Beatrice Potter. But it does hope to form the nucleus around which may gather those critical spirits who wish to clarify their political and economic ideas; those idealists who wish to work out the betterment of our social organization. Membership in the League, like the League itself, has been based on the Fabian model: active members who vote and share in decisions of policy, who accept the basis of the League's manifesto; associate members who express general sympathy with the aims of the League and receive the League's literature; university students, who may join as undergraduate associate members.

To this last group the League should appeal most keenly. Without being trite, we can safely say that to them the League looks for the continuance and spread of its work.

Some doubts and heart-searchings may be endured by many undergraduates in Canadian universities over the wisdom of subscribing to any scheme that is tinted with socialism, no matter how faintly, as is the League. A few undergraduates may shy off from the whole proposal; but there are many who will want to identify themselves with such a work. They may not wish to be with and of the League in its endeavours; but, on the other hand, they want to attach themselves to something which will help get the country out of the present mess and which will see that it keeps out in future.

There seems to be no reason why undergrads at this University should not organize an informal discussion group to study our present situation and the proposals of the League. It is the nature of undergraduates to be intensely keen on some branch of politics; so, to be of the greatest use and appeal, this group would welcome any and all political opinions. It would not necessarily endorse those of the League; but at the same time it would hear most eagerly the views and philosophies of such men as the League may send out.

And while benefitting from talks with these men, the group would also read the League's liter-

ature, written by such authorities as Prof. F. R. Scott, of McGill; Prof. King Gordon, of Union Theological College; Prof. F. H. Underhill, Prof. E. A. Havelock, and Mr. J. F. Parkinson, of the University of Toronto. Besides this, the group would study the literature of other groups in action in England and on the continent, — notably that of the Prometheans of London.

The organization of such a group at Bishop's would through choice and necessity be limited to a dozen or so members. If the members were enthusiastic enough the work they could accomplish would be great; but, principally, the group would give direction and clarity to those opinions that are spouted, half-understood and half-developed, in the long watches when two or three are gathered together.

Ile aux Cerfs - and a Conference

By Russel F. Brown

IT is generally held that the pleasures of anticipation are enhanced when a journey is undertaken with only the vaguest idea as to the location of one's destination, and our trip to Ile aux Cerfs was no exception. Shortly after lunch on a bright Friday afternoon towards the end of April, Dean Carrington and the writer set out by motor in the general direction of Montreal in search of Ile aux Cerfs — the site chosen for the Annual Boys' Vocational Conference. We had hoped to reach the gathering by supper-time but it was sunset before our circuitous detour over up-and-down roads brought us to the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Fresh inquiries indicated that we would have to seek for information in Montreal and this we did, finally eliciting the fact that our goal was a small island — barely half-a-mile long — on the Richelieu River some three or four miles below the village of Beloeil. Night was well advanced by the time we neared the Island and, leaving the car in a farm-yard on the river bank, willing hands ferried us across the dark water. Soon we found ourselves before the fire in the delightful atmosphere of the old Seignior House — the only house on the Island — and one instinctively felt that the hospitality of the Seignior combined with that measure of separation from the busy outside world which the Island provided, made the environment an ideal one for the Conference.

The Conference, the third of its kind, was under the direction of the Rev. Kenneth Naylor, the Rev. E. A. Findlay and the Rev. Geoffrey

Guiton, and there were present some twenty high school boys — a splendid body of chaps — drawn from various parishes in Montreal.

Almost immediately on our arrival the Conference was opened with an address by Dean Carrington in which he put before the boys the attitude the individual should adopt in considering the general question of vocation and in particular the call to service in the Ministry of the Church. Following the address the Conference broke up into Discussion Groups and it was the privilege of the writer to lead one of these groups. There was no hesitancy on the part of the boys; they were keen to consider problems in their own outlook and anxious to discuss points which the Dean's talk had brought up in their minds.

On Saturday morning the Ven. Archdeacon Fleming, the 'Archdeacon of the Arctic', motored down from Montreal with the Rev. Elton Scott. The Archdeacon's address on actual 'front-line' conditions within the Arctic Circle was most inspiring and elicited much discussion in the group work which followed. The afternoon was free and as the weather was fine most of the time was spent out-of-doors either hiking or boating. In the evening the Archdeacon again addressed us and this time we had the privilege of seeing his series of motion pictures: these gave us a very adequate idea of the grandeur of the far Canadian North and left us strongly impressed with the tremendous undertaking the Church has in hand.

On Sunday morning the conference met for an early Celebration and after breakfast a service was held at which Dean Carrington gave a very thrilling talk on the work of the Church in New Zealand. After the service the Conference again divided into groups. With lunch over, the groups met for the last time and it was with feelings of real regret that we were obliged to bring the discussions to a close. A final service was held in the afternoon at which the Dean summed-up the work of the Conference in a most helpful manner.

The worth of a conference of this kind depends very largely on the underlying spirit. Here the sense of 'brotherhood' was very real: there was absolutely no strain. The addresses, while very inspiring, were delivered with a frankness that appealed immensely to the listeners. Problems were faced and discussed and one came away feeling very grateful for the experience.

Lord John Russell & Co.

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the United States, the more conservative and nationalistic parties were swept into power. Even in Canada the "blank cheque" method of government seems to have become acceptable to the people's representatives. Diplomats have shown that they can still scheme and squabble. This fact they are now demonstrating in the Disarmament Conference. France, who has had her fill of war, supported by many of the smaller nations, has put forward a plan for an international police force, which would guarantee the peace of the world. But the larger powers, supported by Canada's obliging little deputation, refuse to turn their fighting machines over to the League. Of course they do. For these were expensive machines, and their owners cannot be expected to give them away so long as there is any possibility of using them. Yet public opinion demands that something be done in the direction of disarmament, and so they waste their time in discussing proposals for limiting the use of the more modern instruments of war — as if it makes any difference whether a man is killed by a chemical compound or the naked sword. Surely a soldier is just as comfortable with poison gas in his lungs, as with hemm steel in his kidneys.

Moreover, tariff walls have reached such heights that when they fall, as fall they must, scores of artificially constructed industries will be crushed, and thousands of persons will be thrown out of employment. Once again, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that depression has followed from such a state of affairs. The next stage in our history must be that of reform.

With conditions throughout the world as tense as they are today, it cannot be long before the pendulum swings once more, and 1832 comes again. The new ideas will not be adopted without a fight. Their opponents will regard them with genuine distrust, and will facilitate their triumph by making martyrs of those who hold them, a paradox which has already been well illustrated in Toronto. Yet the reactionaries of tomorrow will be following the radicals of today. It is only by reform that the world can be improved. And so our statesmen would do well, on June 7th, to think for a moment of the escapades of Lord John Russell and Company of a hundred years ago. And while they're about it, they might drink a toast to Lord Snowden and James Woodsworth — and perhaps even to Comrade Stalin.

Alumni Column

By Heath Gray

Alumni Dinner in Ottawa — Graduates of Bishop's form an impressive percentage of the Clergy in the Diocese of Ottawa. This fact was in evidence at the recent session of the Synod of the Diocese when the customary Alumni Dinner was held. The private dining room in Murphy Gamble's restaurant looked quite gay for the occasion and more than twenty Bishop's grads of varying years feasted on pleasant reminiscences as well as on the good things provided by the management.

The Honorary-President, the Ven. Archdeacon D'Arcy Clayton, rector of Smith Falls, welcomed the members, and expressed his pleasure at the privilege of joining in the festivities once more. The Secretary, Rev'd Cecil Roach, curate of All Saints Church, Ottawa, welcomed the two new members of the Association: The Rev'd Clayton Vaughan and the Rev'd W. W. Davis.

The President and the Secretary were re-elected for another term of office. Various members expressed their continued interest in the University and the Secretary was asked to send a note of greeting to Dr. A. H. McGreer.

The Rev'd Canon Waterman reminded the gathering that the best way of keeping in touch with the University was by subscribing to "The Mitre".

A splendid note of good fellowship prevailed throughout the dinner and everybody seemed eager that the custom of meeting for one meal at Synod time each year should be continued. The only complaint heard was with reference to the fact that Jim Dewhurst was not present to wait on the table.

Graduates for many years were one for a merry hour while their thoughts returned to the College nestling between the Massawippi and the St. Francis rivers.

W. W. Davis.

We would like to call the attention of all graduates, and those who are to graduate this year to the words of Canon Waterman. This sentiment means a great deal to those who are responsible for the publication and it is greatly appreciated. It has been pointed out in the annual report that there is

much to be desired from the graduates of our Alma Mater. (Editor).

* * *

The following is a report of the Montreal Branch of the Bishop's Alumnae and was sent in by Miss Dorothy Dutton.

"The Montreal Branch of the Bishop's Alumnae opened this year with a social evening at the University Women's Club. The meeting was well attended and the programme was much enjoyed. Early in November through the kindness of Archdeacon Almond a bridge was held in Trinity Memorial Hall at which a small profit was made, and given to Kathleen Davis to assist her in taking a business course as her family was no longer able to support her while she attended High School. In February the Annual Dinner was held in the University Women's Club with Dr. F. O. Call as the speaker of the evening. He spoke on "Acadia" and through the kindness of Rev. H. M. Little, who loaned us his lantern, the lecture was an illustrated one. Miss Allen afterwards voiced the appreciation of all present.

"There have also been three executive meetings during the year.

"It was a great shock to all to hear of the sudden deaths of two of our members, Miss Gwen Matthews at Christmas time and Miss Dorothy Lipsey at the end of February. We extend our sympathy to the families of both, and ourselves miss two of our regular attenders.

"Many thanks are due to those who assisted at the Bridge, and to those who contributed to the pleasure of our meetings, Mrs. McSweeney and Miss Dean, Dr. Call, Archdeacon Almond and Mr. Little."

The following officers were elected at the Annual Meeting:

President — Miss A. E. Allen
Vice-President — Miss Jean Towne
Treasurer — Miss Dorothy Dean
Secretary — Miss Olga Jackson.

* * *

A review of Von Helene Richter's book on Lord Byron, His Personality and Works, by Professor W. O. Raymond, Ph.D., appeared in the

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Our Own News Column

Debating — After losing the first of the three debating struggles to Divinity, the Arts Faculty recorded two victories to win the Skinner Trophy. The Divines showed themselves to be able speakers, but the Arts men, who took the Negative on both occasions, put forward arguments which their opponents could not break down.

The first of this term's debates brought forth the resolution: "That Chain-Stores Are in the Best Interests of the Country." Messrs. R. E. Osborne, F. P. Clark and A. V. Ottiwell for Divinity, opposed Messrs. H. Bruce Munro, Gordon Rothney and Edward Boothroyd of the Faculty of Arts.

As leader of the Affirmative Mr. Osborne was of the opinion that mass-production had caused an over-supply of the markets which only chain-stores with their enormous purchasing capacity could check. He stated that the growth in the number of chain-stores had been from 8,000 in 1914 to 72,000 in 1932.

Mr. Munro dealt with the relation of chain-stores to the people of the country, denouncing unemployment, low wages, and lack of initiative caused by this system. He contended that managers of chain-stores are afforded neither the time nor the money to engage in local government.

Mr. Ottiwell maintained that questionable financial schemes arose as the direct result of existing conditions. Then the Affirmative were called to task by Mr. Rothney for stating (a) that chain-stores fostered trade by low prices and (b) that they checked purchasing by their cash policy.

Mr. Clark strengthened the case for the Affirmative, denouncing the middleman and outlining the higher standards of cleanliness apparent since the advent of chain-stores. Mr. Boothroyd contended that purchasing carried on between merchants and farmers should be direct, though he did not deny the important part played by the middleman in other transactions. Both leaders were given five minutes for rebuttal and the judges' decision was given in favour of the Arts team.

* * *

The final Inter-Faculty debate was the subject of considerable interest, as it was the deciding contest for the Skinner Trophy.

Messrs. Rothney, Cameron and Munro of the Arts Faculty opposed the Affirmative team composed of Messrs. Cole, Wood and Godwin for the Divinity Faculty. The resolution before the House was: "That Radio in Canada Should Be Nationalized."

Opening the debate for the Affirmative side, Mr. Cole outlined a scheme for public ownership which would collect revenue in three ways, viz: by license fees, by broadcasting rental, and by radio publications.

Mr. Rothney declared that the whole question hinged on whether or not public ownership would benefit the people. He felt it could not.

It was Mr. Wood's idea that much educational improvement ought to be derived from radio programmes. He pictured the plight of those who lived in sparsely populated regions of Canada who cannot get good reception. Mr. Cameron refuted his argument, by stating that public ownership could not possibly do any more than a private monopoly. He also deplored the possibility of radio falling into the hands of party factions.

Mr. Godwin gave facts regarding the technical development of radio, even looking into the future when everything might be altered by the perfection of television. A summary of the Negative's arguments was made by Mr. Munro. He added that radio would be subjected to corrupt influences, should it fall into the clutches of the Government.

After the rebuttals the judges retired, and their decision gave the Trophy to the team representing the Faculty of Arts.

The judges in both debates were Dr. Stevenson, the Rev. A. Jones and Mr. Crawford Grier. Mr. Christopher Eberts was in the chair, and the Principal presented the Trophy.

H.B.M.

* * *

This extract from Harper's Weekly, October 10th, 1857, might have been written in 1932. The note of pessimism with which it rings, should, in itself, be to us a stimulus to optimism.

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for

many years — not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper — has there been so much grave and deep apprehension. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment.

"In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs as usual like a cloud dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrections, and with disturbed relations in China.

"Of our own troubles no man can see the end. If we are only to lose money and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom, no man need seriously despair. Yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

C.O.T.C.



Sanders and Mrs. E. B. Worthington.

A very delightful evening was enjoyed on Monday, May 2nd, when the last dance of the season was held in the gymnasium. The hostesses of the evening were Mrs. A. H. McGreer, Mrs. S.

Mr. George Dyer and Mr. Henry Davis were responsible for the decorations in the hall, and the success of the dance was very largely due to the excellent result of their work.

The Ross-McMurty Cup for the Platoon Competition was presented by Dr. A. H. McGreer to Mr. George Dyer, commander of No. 2 Platoon. Mr. Henry Davis received his "A" Certificate, and Messrs. F. Royal and P. Stewart were presented with prizes for the highest scores in shooting. Mr. Royal made the splendid score of 93 out of a possible 95.

And so the training of the C.O.T.C. and the social activities connected with it are over for another year. We shall look forward to having with us next year those who have vowed never to join again. Nearly all of us have done that before, but when September comes round there is something about the C.O.T.C. which we can't resist, hence we join again (for the last time).

The Reading Circle — The value of the Reading Circle, if it was at all in doubt, was shown this year, when several of its habitués were very successful in "Tons of Money". Anyone who reads well enough to give a clear idea of a part can act it, and the Reading Circle has undoubtedly "discovered" new talent much of which remains to be capitalized next year.

Dear Brutus - - - J. M. Barrie
The Man of Destiny - - - G. B. Shaw
The Dark Lady of the Sonnets - G. B. Shaw
Outward Bound - - - Sutton Vane
The Barretts of Wimpole Street

Rudolph Besier
The Improper Duchess - - J. B. Fagan
Autumn Crocus - - - C. L. Anthony.

also there was a most amusing reading of the Bolton and Co parts of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", this was done mainly by the original cast under Dean Carrington who presented it in Ottawa with two one act plays in 1929.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was made exceptionally interesting by the excellent reading of the Women Students who helped. In return, on the first Sunday of the term, The Women's Dramatic Circle entertained a number of the men to tea and the reading of Shaw's "Devil's Disciple". This was held in the village at the Women's Club Room.

With a grant of \$10.00 from the Dramatic Society, five copies of "Great Modern Plays" have been purchased and placed in the College Library. They form the beginning of a long awaited Dramatic Library, and should prove very useful in starting off next year.

The number of men who read or listened on Sunday afternoons, and also those who assisted by advice, show that interest in good plays is considerably more than might be thought.

To Mr. Lloyd we owe a great deal for the time, energy, advice, enthusiasm, to say nothing of hospitality. While he is in the enviable position where appreciations grew tedious he must endure one more.

Interest in drama is increasing in this country and the reading of good plays should produce the demand for the acting of good plays. If such companies as Sir Barry Jackson's came each year, they cannot fail to stimulate a discontent with trash and a real love for the best.

W. H. M. Church.

Annual Meeting of Mitre Board

THE Annual Meeting of "The Mitre" Board was held in the Council office on Thursday, May 5th. The minutes of the last Entire Board meeting were read and adopted. The Board decided to hold the Annual Dinner at the Magog House on the following Tuesday night. The President read the report and motions of thanks were passed. Mr MacDonald thanked the Honorary Officers for their interest and attention during the past year. Mr. Herbert Hall, President for 1930-'31, moved a vote of thanks to the President of this year to which Mr. Thatcher replied. Mr. Williams moved a vote of thanks to Professor Home for auditing the books. Mr. O'Neill thanked Mr. Crummer for the work that he had put in the April issue. Mr. Cameron moved that the Board should send some flowers to Mr. Osborne who was in Brockville Hospital. Mr. Macaulay moved that the Board should give to the Students' Council the sum of fifty dollars. All motions were carried.

Annual Report — We gather together for the Annual Meeting under strange circumstances. We are without an Editor-in-Chief and our Advertising Manager, Mr. Osborne who is also President elect for next year is in hospital recovering from an operation. I feel lost without these two stalwarts who have borne the responsibility for the two most exacting positions on the Board with commendable efficiency during the past year.

Editorial Department — The Editorial department has been called upon to face two difficulties this term. First Mr. W. W. Davis, the Editor-in-Chief, left college to take up his Pastoral work in the Diocese of Ottawa, this left us without a head. Mr. Crummer who accepted the position found the work too exacting to assume at this time of the year and felt obliged to resign from the post. Mr. Davis proved himself to be a most efficient Editor. The issues that were published while he was with us were of the high quality for which "The Mitre" stands. Mr. Macaulay did not feel that he could manage the task of Editor-in-Chief when Mr. Davis left us but he has been called upon to a very great extent for the successive issues. His response has been ready and not lacking in enthusiasm.

Although we have had our troubles at the head of the department we have received the unflagging support from the Editors of the various departments. I have already spoken of Mr. Macaulay's work as Assistant Editor, he has also had charge of the Exchange Department. This depart-

ment he revised during the Christmas vacation and added several new issues to our Exchange list. This revision is an extension of one that was started last year under the Presidency of Mr. Hall. In 1930-'31, the Exchange Department started to send copies of our magazine to the leading clubs of our cities — this keeps our Alma Mater before the eyes of leaders of the Dominion and by extending our department to other universities we become more widely known among British and American University men and we ourselves benefit from the exchange. There are ninety-five exchanges on our mailing list, this does not mean to say that we receive ninety-five outside magazines, because the clubs do not reciprocate.

The Sports section of "The Mitre" has elicited very keen interest in our publication this year and the vivacity with which Mr. Hodgkinson has reported the athletic events has been most satisfactory.

I believe that the Alumni Department is the most discouraging of the various departments. Letter after letter is written to graduates of the college soliciting articles and news. Most of the letters go unanswered and those that bring responses are usually promises that seldom bear fruit. Mr. Gray has been untiring in the work of Alumni Editor and I hope that those of us here will bear in mind the difficulty of this department when we ourselves are numbered among the graduates. At least let us answer the letters and if we make a promise, stand by it. When this report is printed in the June issue I hope that some of the offenders among the graduates will read it and that the incoming Board will benefit from the smitten consciences.

The Lady Editors have not been taxed a great deal, but we are grateful for the interest of Miss Hutley. A word of gratitude must also be said to Miss Jackson who has been present at every Executive meeting that we have held and we appreciate the difficulties under which she has attended.

Business Department — The Circulation Department struggled along during Mr. MacDonald's illness in the first term, nevertheless the department has increased the circulation by forty percent. There are now seventy-five subscribers and the magazine finds its way to England and far away Hawaii, even so, these good results leave much to be desired from the graduates of this University as it has been already pointed out. It will not be sufficient to say when we meet an old "grad" in the future that we are still interested in the College and then have to ask for all the news of the Alma Mater. As Canon R. B. Waterman recently said at a gathering of Bishop's men in

Ottawa, "The best way to show your interest in the College and to keep in touch with its activities is to subscribe to 'The Mitre'".

Mr. Williams' exacting and very dull job of keeping minutes and paying bills has received his undivided attention throughout the year. Next year he receives his reward for being such a faithful Secretary to "The Mitre" by having the same worries only intensified in the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Association.

Mr. Osborne has been as efficient as ever in the position which he has held for two years, that of Advertising Manager. He also has his reward coming next year when he assumes the office which I am holding.

It is through the efforts of the Advertising and Circulation Departments that we are again able to show a balance sheet with the figures on the right side of the page.

You will see by the papers that are on the table that we have received:-

\$167.84 from the Circulation Department
\$145.00 from the Advertising Department
for this year and \$146.00 for last year. This by no means represents the total amount of advertising that we have done. There is still to be collected for this year \$960.50, and \$80.00 for last year. The actual amount of advertising which we have done this year is \$1,105.50. You may be surprised that there is so much to be collected, I confess that when I first saw the figures I was horrified and I began to worry the life out of Mr. Osborne but he assured me that this is no extraordinary condition in as much as the advertisers in Montreal whose ads appear in 5 issues, are not billed until after the April issue and that in the past they have remitted very promptly. These people are our chief source of income and for the most part we can say that we are sure to collect the amount in due time. We can therefore reckon on a balance of about \$260.00.

Our expenses have been great this year for several reasons. We have put a better quality stock in the cover and the sales tax on everything that we buy was increased from two to four percent. We have been called upon to assist the Year Book Committee to secure cuts which have cost us \$28.63 more than we anticipated. We also have the printing of the new Mitre Constitution and we have invested money in cuts for ourselves. I assure you that the Executive Committee have been very careful and that no expenditure was made which we felt was unnecessary.

I need not call your attention to the fact that during the year the whole Mitre Constitution was carefully revised and it is the opinion of all those who are closely connected with the running of "The

Mitre" that the revision is of unmistakable value.

There remains for me to present for your approval on behalf of Mr. Osborne, his proposed Executive Committee for next year.

Editor-in-Chief — Mr. Crummer
Advertising Manager — Mr. Cameron
Secretary-Treasurer — Mr. Turley
Circulation Manager — Mr. Munro.

Robins H. Thatcher,
President.

Sports Section

The Annual Meeting of the Board of Governors of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union met at Queen's, Kingston, on April 2nd. Several recommendations were received from the rules commission which may be seen on application to Mr. Hodgins, Football Manager for 1932-33. High lights of interest to the average student were:

- 1 St. Michael's College, Toronto, sought re-instatement to the Union. The request was carefully considered and it was ruled that St. Michael's College, being one of the federated colleges of the University of Toronto and therefore an integral part thereof, should not again be admitted to separate membership in the Intercollegiate Union.
- 2 On motion of Mr. Edmison (McGill), seconded by Mr. Graham (Toronto), Ottawa College was admitted to Intermediate Rugby, being grouped with Queen's, Toronto and R. M. C.
- 3 The application of McMaster University for admission to Senior football was tabled and no action taken by the Union.

McMaster and Ontario Agricultural College applied for admission to Senior Basketball. Several items of interest to hockey players, track men and golf enthusiasts are included in the minutes. There is also the suggestion of forming a Lacrosse Union.

Upon the recommendation of the Athletic Committee, application has been made by the Council for entrance in the Quebec Rugby Football Union. We have received a reply from W. A. Bayne, Secretary of the Union, to say that the application will be considered at the Annual Meeting to be held in June and that there is every reason to believe that it will be favourably considered.



A Trip Up The Tigris

Continued from Page 15.

but its history can only be traced as far back as the middle of the Eighth Century. It was enlarged and improved towards the end of that century by Haroun-al-Raschid, who received messengers from Charlemagne. These messengers returned to the Court of Charlemagne with wonderful tales of the splendour of the Bagdad Court and the brilliant company of scholars and poets to be met there.

Bagdad is a typical oriental city of about 250,000 inhabitants — mostly Mohammedans, but with a fair proportion of Jews, who are the chief merchants, and Chaldean and Syrian Christians. There is also a small community of Armenians. The houses are mostly of mud-brick, built round interior courtyards; from the upper storey juts out a kind of bay window, heavily screened, used in the olden days for the women of the harem. The roofs are flat and are used for sleeping in the summer. (In sharp contrast to Basra, Bagdad always has cool nights).

The merchants of Bagdad gather round their coffee-shops in the same way as their confreres do in Basra: you can see them sitting on their benches smoking their 'hookahs' — an oriental form of pipe, in which the smoke is drawn through a large bottle-like vessel containing rose-water —, drinking coffee and discussing affairs of business or state. The Bagdadi merchant has a strange habit of toying with beads — he generally carries a string of amber wherever he goes. I suppose originally they were an aid to calculations. I wonder if they are in any way the precursor of the modern Rosary.

Bagdad is famous for its bazaars, mostly covered to give protection from the sun. Most interesting and valuable articles such as Persian carpets and silverware can be purchased as well as the more ordinary things in daily use. Of course you never think of paying the price asked. If the shop-keeper quotes, say, one hundred rupees for a rug, you reply "fifty". After a short space the seller comes down to ninety and you advance to sixty. No further progress seeming probable you move on to another store only to be pursued by the man now quite satisfied with sixty rupees. (Of course you think you have made a good bargain, but you are still only paying sixty rupees for something worth about forty!) Under these circumstances, shopping is perhaps slow, but it is certainly entertaining.

Just before I close let me mention two incidents. The first occurred very shortly after I arrived there. The manager of the firm to which I belonged was to entertain the British High Commissioner to dinner. On the morning of the great occasion, the cook was in the bazaar making his necessary purchases in the

ordinary way, when after a altercation with a butcher over the price of the joint (or more probably over the amount he was to receive back as commission!) he knifed the unfortunate salesman and was as might be reasonably expected, taken to jail. You can probably imagine the consternation prevailing in the managerial household. The problem of providing a dinner fit for the High Commissioner (a functionary almost as mighty as, and a great deal more powerful than, our Governor-General) seemed almost insuperable. It was solved thus: one of the office clerks was sent to jail to take the place of the cook. After the dinner had been served, the cook was returned and the clerk released! How simple!

The other incident concerns the Coronation of Feisal, the first king of the newly-constituted state of Iraq, in August, 1921. The ceremony took place in the large open courtyard of the "Serai" — large numbers of British, Indian and Arab troops were drawn up; all the important officials, British and Arab, were there; in fact everybody of any importance at all was there to see Feisal — a charming and capable man — duly seated in his throne which seemed to be a very substantial and handsome piece of furniture entirely covered by red baize and decorated by many flags. The ceremony was duly performed, the king departed, and the many spectators began to disperse. It was rather unfortunate I think that in their zeal for speed the soldiers could not delay the dismantling of the throne, because while hundreds of spectators of all classes were crowding round, the bunting was removed and the "throne" in all its nakedness exposed: two empty Japanese beer cases! Now Iraq is a Mohammedan and therefore nominally a dry country! Do you wonder that many Iraqis prophesied an early fall of a dynasty based on such an evil foundation?

However the Iraq kingdom still stands, and is likely to for many years. Under British tutelage the old country is slowly but surely being restored to her old prosperity that had deserted her during the slack regime of the Turks.

An Old Chantyman

Continued from Page 21.

my home, when I saw an aeroplane flying over the Channel, and to my horror it fell into the sea outside Watchet Harbour. Aeroplanes were rare in those days. This was piloted by Salmes, the Daily Mail airman, and with him was a friend of mine, Mr. Van Tromp of Taunton, afterwards killed on Vimy Ridge. I sped down to the harbour just in time to see a boat pull out from the quay. Then followed an anxious time. All the inhabitants of

Watchet, or, at any rate, all the grown-ups, assembled on the sea-wall, packed close together and watching intently and uttering cries of encouragement or dismay or fear. The boatmen reached the plane as it was sinking. They brought back Salmes and Van Tromp. I greeted Van Tromp. "Yes," he said, "it was quite an experience, especially as neither of us can swim."

That was in 1914. I saw John Short again in 1928, four years after Cecil Sharp's death; and again in October, 1930, when he sang "Annie Taps-cott" for me almost as well as he had sung it in 1914; and again, a week ago.

This last time I travelled 250 miles to see him. He had sent me a postcard to say that my walking stick was ready, and would I call in for it when I happened to be passing! Just as if I lived in the next street, or, at farthest, in the next village.

His daughter-in-law looks after him now. She told me he was lying down, taking an afternoon nap. That is a recent custom, but allowable if one remembers that John Short is in his ninety-fourth year, having been born on March 5th, 1839.

He did not hear me mounting his crooked stairs nor his daughter's voice warning me not to bump my head, but he awoke instantly when I called his name and was at once alert and welcoming. We talked a little about his wife, and he remembered my wife and how he had hesitated to sing "Shanadar" to her in 1928, because some of the words were too sailor-like for a lady's ears.

I watched John's face while he was talking. He did not look like a very old man. The tuft of beard under his chin was a dead grey, but his cheeks had not fallen in, and his eyes were still bright. His voice was still round and deep and it had not lost its characteristic quality. Presently he recited impressively the first stanza of "God moves in a mysterious way."

We talked of sailors and sea-faring. He pointed to a picture on the wall of two sailing-ships "racing home from China." He said there were no English sailors left. The Norwegian was the "gentleman of the sea."

I reminded him of Cecil Sharp and of the Cecil Sharp House in Regent's Park Rd. "Yes," he said, "I have heard that Mr. Sharp was very highly thought of." I said that the songs he had sung to Mr. Sharp and afterwards to Sir Richard Terry were now sung all over the world, and that his own name as the singer of them was well known. "Yes, so I've heard," he said, but without any real interest. Fame means very little to John Short.

When we parted he said, "Don't forget your stick." I brought it away with me. It is made of ship's twine, plaited round a piece of tubing. There

is an ornamental knot at the end and a group of three knots in the middle, and the handle is like the head of some weird pre-historic bird. A wonderful stick! John's fingers are as strong as his voice. "Amany have bin after it," he said, "but I made it for you as I said I would, and I've kep' it for you. It's like the one my missis used." Dear old John!

Text-Books of Long Ago

Continued from Page 9.

scientific methods of France a century ago have spread over the world to-day.

Readers of Philip Guedalla's brilliant and amusing biography of Palmerston (even if they disagree with his point of view and his conclusions) will remember his sharp antithesis of War Office conditions in London and Paris during the Napoleonic Wars; how in the end dogged determination and courage overcame the handicap of obsolete methods and materials in the long struggle against the greatest military genius of the age. Even a couple of little text-books on mathematics throw a vivid light on the fundamentally different viewpoints, in one little aspect of human activity, of those two great nations. Scientific methods have become much more international, with the passage of a century and a quarter, and perhaps we, who live in an environment peopled by the descendants of both races, may come to realise that both points of view, the practical and the theoretical have their uses in a far wider realm than mathematics.

When Convocation Was Peppered

Continued from Page 20.

What the Gym. had done to deserve the title "school of learning" is not very clear. Is it a prophesy of the time when the gymnasium should be used for the June Exams., in which case wouldn't "Bridge of Sighs" be a better title? Can the term be applied to Freshmen's Dances, or to Co-eds' basketball, or to the Rover Scout Crew; or was the Gym. used way back in '98 for some mysterious purpose now forgotten? Or am I misreading the quotation?

In 1901 the College conferred an hon. D.C.L. upon the Rev. (now Archdeacon) F. G. Scott, and this appears to be the only case on record where an honorary degree was not properly appreciated. "Speaking as a minor poet", Archdeacon Scott said that a careful study of their biographies showed that all true poets suffered from a lack of recognition, so he rather regretted the recognition involved in this degree.

Happily, this honour has not proved upset-

ting to his Muse, which flourishes still. It was on this occasion that the Archdeacon's Prize for an English poem originated.

That Convocation has always been attended with a certain amount of hilarity appears evident from the information supplied in 1905 - "The prizes were next presented to the successful winners, — and each one, of course, was greeted with facetious remarks as he marched down the Hall laden with his plunder".

Lest any student be curious to learn whether these facetious remarks are fit for revival in 1932, let him apply for information to one of the prize-winners in question — the winner of the Archdeacon Scott prize for French — F. O. Call, who graduated that year with a first in modern languages.

The year of Dr. Call's graduation was distinguished by the fact that it produced the first lady graduate in Arts at Bishop's, Miss Anna F. Bryant.

The following year Convocation was shorn of all its usual gaiety as a consequence of the death from pneumonia on May 27, after an early swim in the river, of Principal Waitt, who had held office for less than a year. Convocation was confined to necessary business, and the Alumni Dinner, the University Service and Sermon, and all hon. degrees were cut out.

Convocations during the war period were also somewhat deprived of customary pomp and circumstance. There were loud cheers in 1916 when Elton Scott, of the Heavy Siege Artillery, and K. W. Hunter, of the 117th Battalion, went up to receive their degrees wearing their hoods over khaki; at the same time two years' standing was accorded to three other lads who had deserted these halls of learning for the 117th Battalion. In 1917 it was stated that 50% of the students enrolled were away at the front, while in 1919 so many of those who had been fighting were present that this was named "the Soldiers' Convocation".

The Convocation number of "The Mitre" for 1922 also served the purpose of a Year Book, and for several years subsequently the Graduation Class photographs appeared in the magazine. Now that it is no longer the custom to publish a "Mitre" at the beginning of July, the photos appear in a separate publication, and Convocation doings are recorded but briefly the following October.

Coming Events

Continued from Page 13.

You are a sportsman, however, and not easily discouraged. As you resume your grim task, you

recall your determination on those other occasions, when you were looking for that !! — !! — !! collar button (or whatever it was). And by a simple connection of circumstances, you recall the suspicions that were born at that time.

As you continue to forage without success in the immediate neighbourhood, and as you cast about — vainly enough — in every conceivable quarter where that infernal building might be, your suspicions continue to grow, until you have reached a soured, embittered conclusion:

Somebody CAN foresee future events!

You are stubborn about scrapping previously-formed convictions, but in this case there is no alternative. There simply **must** be someone somewhere to whom the future — **your** future — is an open book. And, what is more alarming, this Person, whoever and wherever he is, is obviously one who has borne in his heart a far-reaching enmity and deep-seated malice towards you ever since the first day he drew breath upon this earth. Both conclusions are alike inevitable. It is now only too clearly apparent that this monstrous fellow can, with disconcerting ease, foresee precisely what articles and what places you are likely to be looking for next, and accordingly, with a cussedness that is rare even among sinful men, deliberately sets about to remove that particular object or structure on which you are to set your heart so shortly. It all sounds very brutal. But if no one **has** removed the collar button, the house, or whatever may be the case, how else is it possible to account for their unwarranted disappearance? And why, in the name of all that is hushed and reverent, should the whole execrable lot of them show up when they're not wanted?

And at this stage, we arrive at an impasse. Logically speaking, it should be possible to assert, without the slightest temporising, that the future either can or cannot be accurately foreseen. Instead, we have merely succeeded in becoming skeptical about our own skepticisms. There seems little else for us to do but to register the discovery of one or more "vicious circle". Consider it registered.

How To Be A Co-ed

Continued from Page 24.

the gallery. In this latter case, your duty is to cheer until you are blue in the face, sing, and in general, amuse everyone.

You must also carry a large number of books with you, although it is not necessary to read them. This is a great help. Do not dare to arrive early at a lecture if you go at all, and above everything,



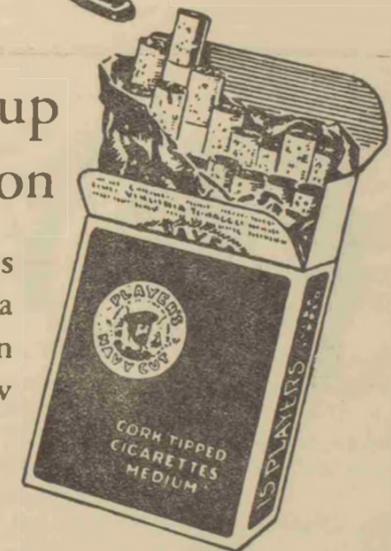
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don't believe a word you hear there.

You should, last of all, acquire what is called a "college spirit". This, I might say, is not purchased by the pint, quart, or gallon. In passing, I must mention that your term bill is usually itemized, as so much for English, French, etc.; the bill for Scotch, if taken, must not be sent home.

In some backward colleges there is still retained what is known as a "glee club". Attend if you must, but don't boast about it. If you become a member of the W. S. A. (Wiley Sirens' Aggregation), you may be assured that your reputation as a Co-ed is firmly established.

There are other minor rules to follow in attaining such a high honour as becoming a Co-ed, but I am sure that she who will closely follow those already outlined, will finally be admitted into the Co-eds' society.

Alumni Column

Continued from Page 29.

April number of the English and German Philological Review.

* * *

Hugh O'Donnell, Esq., B.A. '21, M.A. '22, who is a member of the legal firm of Cook and McGee, was elected President of the Junior Bar Association at the Annual Meeting held in the Court House, Montreal, on Monday, April 25th. The Mitre extends its congratulations to Mr. O'Donnell.

At the same meeting Gerald Almond, B.A. '24, and Mr. John Long were nominated for the office of Treasurer. They tossed for it and Mr. Long won.

* * *

Ralph Gustafson, M.A., of Keble College, Oxford, expects to spend the summer vacation in Canada.

* * *

The Mitre extends its congratulations to the Rev'd Canon J. M. Almond, C.B.E., C.M.G., M.A., D.C.L., on his appointment as Archdeacon of Montreal, and to the Rev'd F. L. Whitley, M.A., on his appointment to a canonry of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

* * *

The Rev. Allen Brockington, M.A. '29, has written a book on Browning, which will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press. The article, "An Old Chantyman," in this issue was contributed by Mr. Brockington.

* * *

Graduates will be sorry to hear of the death of Dr. James Laurie in his 67th year. He died in Atlantic City last February where he had gone to convalesce after a prolonged illness.

Although Dr. Laurie had not practised for more than twenty years, he was well known in the medical circles of Quebec City.

* * *

As we go to press word has been received that the Rev'd Canon Cecil Waterman, M.A., D.D., of St. Peter's Church, Brockville, has accepted the offer of the Bishop of Ottawa to be Rector of the Church of St. Bartholomew, Ottawa. Dr. Waterman is a distinguished son of Bishop's and "The Mitre" extends its hearty congratulations to him.

* * *

The Year Book Committee have the half-tone cuts of individual graduates since 1929. These may be obtained for \$1.00 upon application to Mr. J. S. Aikins, Bishop's College.

The Second Quebec Provincial Rover Moot

Continued from Page 17.

on one or more quests and fit himself for their pursuit. For Periol III he chooses a troop or pack for a year, and passes the camp section of Gillwell.

Although it is not our purpose to make personal observations on any opinions voiced at the Moot, so much stress was laid upon the importance of this scheme to the future success of Rover Scouting in Canada that we feel justified in intruding a remark here. We think that the scheme lacks the depth of mature thought, subjects the spirit of Scouting to the letter of a rule, and is impracticable, even if it were desirable, in any other than city surroundings.

Session Ten was led by Scoutmaster L. Overd. His subject was Inter-Crew Contact. He stressed the importance of overcoming the tendency towards localism. This could be achieved by correspondence of inter-district, inter-provincial and international kind, also by the holding of Moots.

The last session consisted of replies given to questions received during the Moot.

Prof. French summarized the Moot. "I can't criticize," he said, "I was against the holding of such a Moot, but I was wrong, and I apologize for having any treacherous ideas. We have all gained from this Moot. We have made friendships, we have been made familiar with one another's point of view, and now we wish you God-speed and Auf Wiedersehen."

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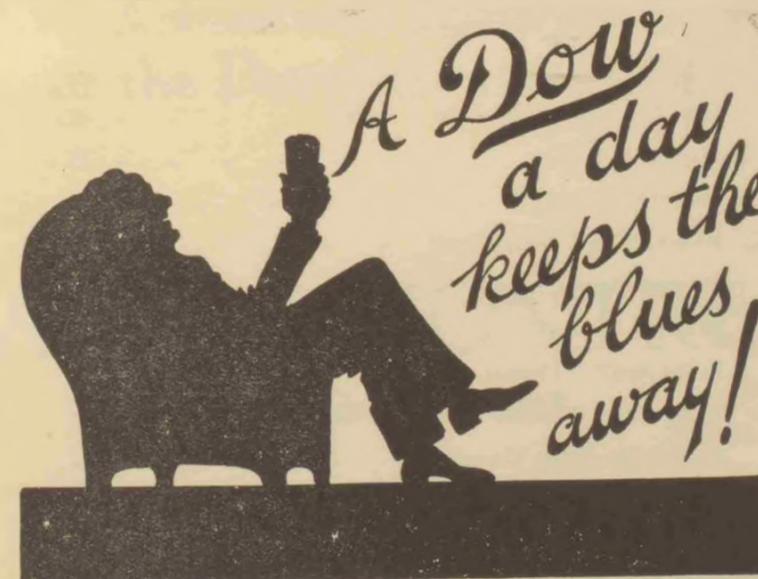
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